Saturday Night

JULY 7TH 1956 TEN CENTS

Fourth Season At Stratford: A Critical View

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

Quebec Makes War On Donald Gordon

BY HUGH MACLENNAN

British Murmurs Against Royalty

BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS

Canadian Tennis Is In A Mess

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Bedard and Fontana: Page 15

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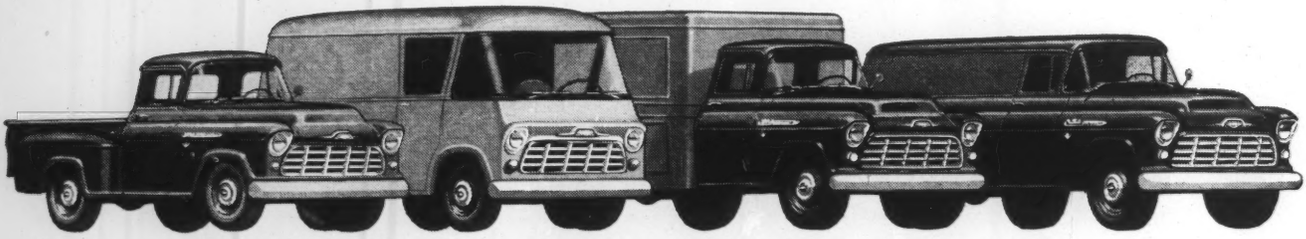

New 1300 Series truck, Model 1314 — New ¾-ton Forward Control chassis, Model 1457. — New 1-ton truck, Model 1433. — New 1-ton panel, Model 1435.

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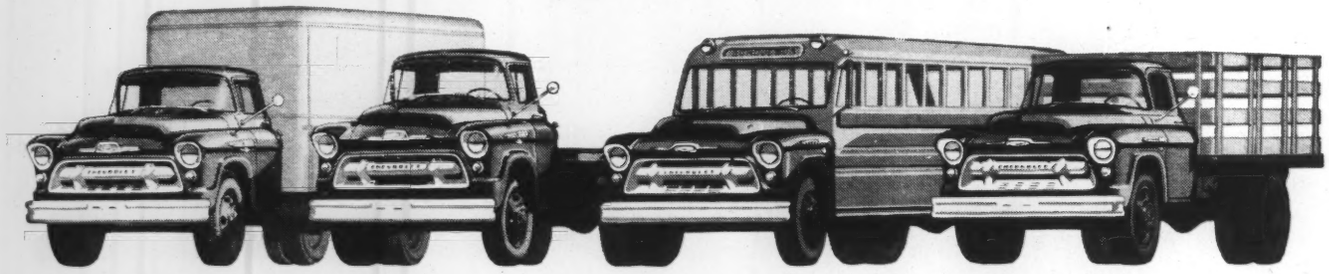

New 1600 Series truck pictured with van body. — New 1800 Series L.C.F. with platform body. — New 1600 Series school bus chassis. — New 1500 Series stake truck.

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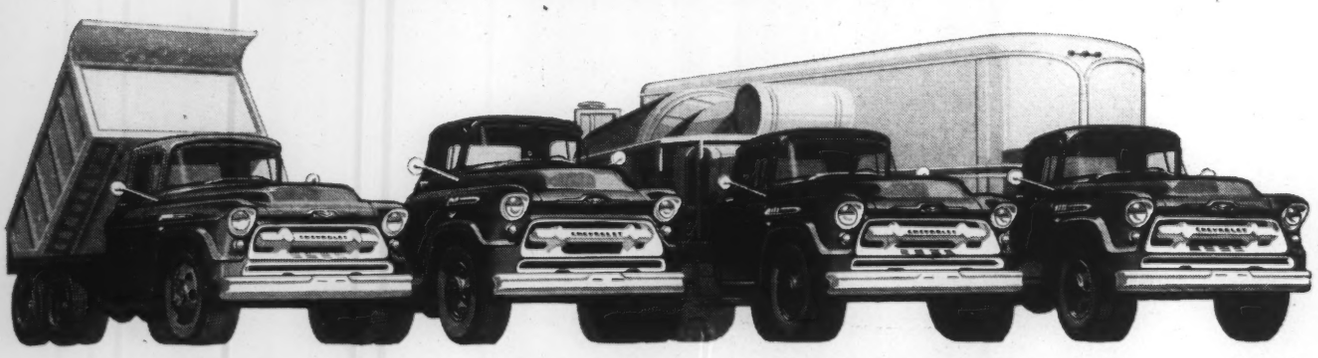

New W1900 Series truck with Triple-Torque tandem. — New 7000 and 9000 Series L.C.F. (Low Cab Forward) cab. — New 1900 Series truck illustrated with concrete mixer unit. — New 1700 Series model shown as tractor with semi-trailer.

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CHEVROLET Task-Force TRUCKS

THE FRONT PAGE

- The Fitness of Leaders
- Property and People
- The Shortcomings of Defence
- Egypt's Man of Many Voices

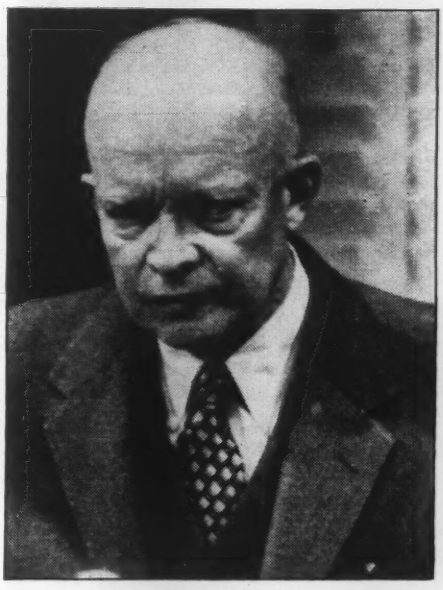
Health and Office

THE HEALTH of the President of the United States is a matter that directly affects Canadians. The ability of the President to carry on his duties has a profound influence on political and business activities in the U.S., and within a short time the results are felt here. It is with more than friendly interest, then, that Canadians read of the illnesses and recoveries of President Eisenhower. Recent medical bulletins have been reassuring. But not so reassuring has been the careful effort to persuade the American public that, despite Mr. Eisenhower's ailments, he is at least as fit now as he was four years ago, when he became a candidate for the Presidency.

Perhaps he is as fit. But this is an election year, and with Eisenhower seeking re-election the Republicans feel safe. Any other Republican candidate would have the odds against him. There must be a question, then, whether the Republicans are thinking of the man, the party or the country when they picture Eisenhower as a man who can carry on as President with unimpaired vigor.

The question is of particular interest in Canada because here we have a similar situation. Prime Minister St. Laurent is obviously tired and feeling the full weight of his 74 years. There have been repeated indications this year that control of the Cabinet is slipping from his weakening grip. In the Commons, he has come close to abdicating his party's leadership. But the Liberals are convinced they need him to win one more election, and so he stays, conserving his flagging energy for another political campaign.

Meanwhile, Parliament and the country suffer. Blunder after blunder has been made by one cabinet minister after another. The rules of Parliament have been subverted. Ministers have openly contradicted each other and discipline in the Commons has broken down. The Government badly needs a shaking-up, and normally one could expect this to be done by the Prime Minister. It is the responsibility of leadership. But Mr. St. Laurent sits and waits for the time his political



President Eisenhower: better health?

advisers think best for an election, when he will try to work some of his old magic on the electors as a final act of duty to the party, if not to the country.

It may be asking too much of politicians to put anything ahead of a desire to gain or retain power, but the fact remains that a Government lacking leadership cannot properly handle a nation's business.

Respect for Property

A WOMAN who tried to steal groceries worth $4.50 was given a suspended sentence the other day in Toronto. But by that time she had spent two days and nights in jail waiting for the magistrate to make up his mind. Meanwhile, her eldest daughter, 14, looked after her four other children—the youngest 14 months. The husband was working in another city. The suspended sentence came after the Attorney-General of Ontario, the Mayor of Toronto and the local newspapers interested themselves in the case.

The woman was much luckier than a Toronto man who, out of a job and unable to provide his family with food during the late winter, stole a few coins from milk bottles and was sent to jail.

The moral is, of course, that if you feel you must commit a crime, don't do it against property but against a person. If you have a peeve against the owner of a grocery store, take him on a hunting trip and shoot him or run a car over him, but never, never steal any of his goods. If you hurt his person, you have a good chance of being punished with nothing worse than a small fine. But if you take his property, even a tiny bit of it, you have even a better chance of going to jail.

The reason for this odd state of affairs is found not so much in the law itself as in the people (or at least a large number of them) who administer the law. There persists in Canada, particularly among magistrates, a strangely exaggerated respect for the sanctity of property. It may be a hangover from days when theft of a man's goods meant that he would certainly suffer personal hardship and perhaps death. It may be simply an archaic sense of values. But there is no getting away from it: too many dispensers of justice respect property more than the person, with the result that justice is not properly served.

Blank Paper

WHY DID Defence Minister Campney go to the trouble of drawing up his latest White Paper on Defence? He could have achieved the same result by simply writing a paragraph or two on a single sheet of paper. Or he could have used the question-and answer method, thus: "Strength of the armed forces? Declining, from 117,003 in 1954 to 116,715 in 1955 to 116,595 at the beginning of May this year. What can be done about it? Haven't a clue. What plans are being made to adapt our forces to the changing conditions of warfare? We will trust in the U.S. Air Force and keep our White Papers dry."

Mr. Campney's report was altogether unsatisfactory. The Defence Department has conceded its failure to build the Army up to its four-year-old objective of 49,000 men, and will try to keep the Army at its present 48,000. An attempt will be made to bring the Air Force and Navy up to their respective objectives of 51,000 and 20,000. There is little assurance that the Department will be successful even in

Egypt's Nasser (right) signs the agreement for British withdrawal from Suez.

these modest efforts, despite Canada's steady gain in population of nearly half a million a year. The RCAF in particular has been unable to find the right sort of men to train for highly skilled jobs; it can get planes, but not the crews to fly them.

Even more disturbing than the manpower failure is the Department's apparent lack of constructive, imaginative thinking and planning about Canada's defensive needs in the years immediately ahead—years in which radar lines will become obsolete and the swift movement of troops will call for aircraft rather than trucks and trains.

While the Department has had trouble filling the ranks of armed forces, however, it has had spectacular success in recruiting for its civilian army. At the end of 1955 the Department had 54,507 civilian hired hands. A year earlier the number was 53,000. The ratio is now one civilian employee to every two men in uniform. All of which helps to explain the $1,775 million to be spent on "defence" in 1956-57.

Highway Intelligence

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that motorists should adopt a Language of Horns. For instance, a short, two longs and a short would say, "I want to pass, but not right now—wait till we're out of the curve". It's clear that the Language of Horns needs considerable expansion beyond the present rudimentary "Waaah", meaning "lemme past". Three shorts and two longs, for example, might indicate "Watch out, cop trap 200 feet". Other innovations could include "Whoops, just missed a skunk" (two shorts, four longs), "How about joining us for a hot dog, 300 yards?" (three shorts, four longs), "Watch me pass the crate ahead, next stop the morgue, ha, ha!" (four shorts, four longs, one crash). Such a complicated method of communication, however, seems well beyond the mentality of most car drivers.

Egyptian Ventriloquist

THE LAST British soldier had left Suez and the Egyptians were celebrating. "Nasser, Nasser, Nasser!" they chanted. The Egyptian President himself said, "Britain has fulfilled her obligations under the evacuation agreement. We have no aggressive intentions towards her. But we shall be hostile to those who are hostile to us and peaceful to those who are peaceful towards us."

But Nasser was talking with only one of his many voices. Earlier he had watched a military parade of Egyptians in shiny new tanks and planes supplied by the Communists, and a little later he was discussing a big loan with the Russian foreign minister, Shepilov. Still later, he was dickering with Eugene Black, President of the World Bank. And all the time, Egypt's radio, press and agents were damning the West, praising the Russians, and doing everything they could to stir up trouble from Morocco to Muscat, from Syria to Somaliland.

Talking to Western correspondents, Nasser is a model of moderation. Talking to Arabs, he breathes fire and brimstone.

Out of the conflicts of speech and action there emerges a picture of a man who has tasted power and hungers for more; intelligent enough to recognize his country's fundamental needs but dazzled enough by leadership of the Arab world to sacrifice those needs to his ambition; astute enough to see the enormous advantages of neutralism in the tug-of-war between East and West but not subtle enough to accept favors without commitment with the skill of Nehru or Tito; a man torn between vanity, expediency and an honest love of country.

For all that, Nasser is a man the West must learn to live with. He has found it easy to deal with the Russians—and to the Arabs the Russians are not imperialists but people who have raised themselves from poverty to power in little more than three decades. The Arabs fear the imperialists they have known, not the ones who have not yet enslaved them. Nasser believes he can accept the Red gifts and avoid the strings attached to them. And he may be able to, if the West works patiently to overcome Arab prejudice and fear and recognizes that neutralism is not necessarily an evil force, particularly in the Middle East. A great deal depends on what and whom a country is neutral against.

Stratification

WITH social stratification wearing thinner every year, a section of the British upper class has taken a final stand against invasion from below. The members call themselves the "U's", as distinguished from the "Non U's", and they base the difference on the oldest distinction in the world. They speak different languages.

As far as possible, the U's avoid genteel euphemisms and keep their language as direct and simple as possible. Some of the gradings may be baffling to people on this continent, however. Why are "sweets" and "greens" superior to puddings and vegetables? If bike is more Chaucerian than cycle, what about telegraph as a substitute for wire? The distinctions become more obvious when translated into our own idiom. If you refer to a bad heart as a cardiac condition, if you insist that people pass away rather than die, and commend them to a mortician instead of an undertaker, then you are Non-U, and probably headed for a bad Inferiority Complex.

There seems to be no way of grading Inferiority Complex, either up or down. Possibly the Non-U's will go right on using it as it stands. The U's naturally won't recognize it in any form.

Bird Watchers

CANADIAN suburbia's taste in lawn decoration is puzzling. The most casual count shows about every fifth ranch-style home to have a flamingo perched on a stiff, single, shrimp-toned leg and about every third split-level bungalow has a pair peeking out coyly from among the foundation-planting. Why the flamingo? Does the owner subconsciously pine for the sands of Florida even in the midst of a July heat wave? Did he choose the bird to match the multiple-toned car in the parkway? Is there some special significance to the choice of a water-fowl for the parched grass of developments harassed by water shortages? And what is the matter with Canadian birds? Why not the blue heron or the whooping crane? Or a flight of Canada Geese that would camouflage the television aerial and might even cast a little welcome shade?

The Finale from "Henry the Fifth".

Principals in "The Merry Wives of Windsor".

Stratford's Critical Season Opens

by Robertson Davies

Rich pageantry, magnificent visual effects, with French-Canadians adding lustre to the acting ensemble, but brilliant physical productions are marred by slipshod speech.

THE HISTORY of every artistic venture proceeds in a series of crises, but the 1956 season at the Ontario Stratford has a better claim than usual to be considered critical in the development of the festival. This is the year in which funds are being sought to build the permanent theatre; this year's plays, therefore, must prove that we have something to justify an expenditure of a million dollars. This is the year, too, in which Michael Langham takes over the directorship of the festival from Tyrone Guthrie; this year's plays must prove that Dr. Guthrie is not indispensable to Stratford.

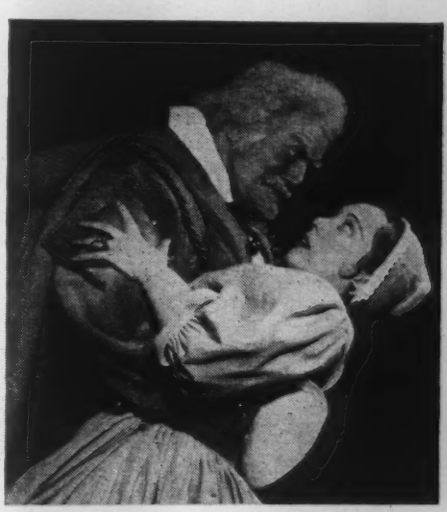
There will be few people—certainly I am not one of them—who will be so bold as to answer these hard questions on the evidence of a couple of first nights. This report, then, will seek only to appraise the opening performances of the plays; in a later article I shall attempt a more carefully considered weighing-up of the festival as a whole.

The opening night of *Henry V* was satisfactory, but only as an opening night. There were many signs that the actors were in a high state of nerves, and they were plainly suffering from something which psychologists used to call the Law of Reversed Effort — meaning that they tried too hard. By the time this report appears they will be firmly in command of a complex, ingenious and thoughtful production, but at the opening performance they were still ill at ease in it. There were trivial faults which it would be idle to record, but the great fault was that they were too deliberate, too unvaried in emphasis, too determined to make themselves clear.

This is a fault on the right side, but it suggests a mistrust of the playwright. Shakespeare is abundantly clear, and if his lines are spoken with a multitude of pauses and strained emphases his clarity is obscured.

The first rule for the Shakespearean actor is to keep going, and the second is to let the emphasis fall where the poet has placed it. I hope that Mr. Langham is going to do what Dr. Guthrie never did, and that is to make the Canadian actors speak Shakespearean verse with the beauty which lies in it, waiting to be revealed. I do not, of course, mean the self-consciously "beautiful" speaking to which some actors of the past (Henry Ainley was an instance) fell victim; such mellifluous mooing is responsible for some of the current notion that Shakespeare was a bore. But I do ask for intelligent treatment of the verse. And, as a specific technical criticism, I suggest that the indiscriminate stressing of the personal pronouns and the possessive pronouns which is to be heard at Stratford muddies the text and makes the lines stumble. These fussy emphases will do for radio and perhaps television, but they are wrong in Shakespearean verse.

The conception of *Henry V* by the director was refreshingly honest; we saw Henry, at first, as a cautious beginner in statecraft, urged on to war by Church and nobles; in the height of battle he was



Douglas Campbell and Helen Burns.

still surprised to find himself the mainspring of the action; and at the close, in the scene in which he woos the French princess, he kept his honesty and manliness and has gained a new assurance. The pageantry and elaborate action were finely subordinated to this main concept, and it was a pleasant change after the Henry made familiar through Sir Laurence Olivier's film who, in moments of crisis, ceased to be a man and became an embodiment of heroic kingship.

In Christopher Plummer the festival has a Canadian actor with everything that this part needs. Graceful, attractive and with a fine voice, he is still somewhat hindered by an inexpressive face. But he is an undoubted star, and the Canadian theatre had better cherish him if he is not to be lost. But, fine as he was, he was part of the excellent ensemble which is still Stratford's strongest card. Where else could so many unquestionably masculine men be found for this very masculine play? Not, I think in England, and though the U.S. might muster such a group, could they act?

It was a masterly stroke on the part of Mr. Langham to cast our French-speaking actors in the French parts in this play. Their physique, their very bones, spoke of a heritage different from that of the English nobles; their elegance came from within. And where else would an actor be found to bring so much unquestioned French quality to the part of Charles VI as Gratien Gelinas? In this production something exclusively Canadian was brought to the service of that national culture which we are so often assured we lack, and in the final scene of French and English reconciliation a Canadian audience may be excused for wiping its eyes.

The first night, though good, was not up to concert pitch. But that tautness, speed and command of detail will come. We have something really fine here to send to Edinburgh.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, like *Henry V*, got off to a slow start on the first night, and half an hour had passed before the actors took heart and decided that the audience liked the play. But it was by no means a romp after that. Mr. Langham had decided to treat the piece as comedy, rather than as farce, and he was thoroughly successful in giving depth to scenes which can be very flat; but this effect was not achieved without some sacrifice, for if these characters become too real in a photographic, or perhaps a historical sense, some of the things which they are required to do become painful and coarse.

The director gave more attention to the social implications of the play than is usual; it was a comedy of bourgeois social climbing, and the careful attention to seventeenth century costume made clear the sharp distinctions between Puritan and churchman, servant and master, merchant and gentleman which are often lost in a scramble of flat Tudor hats and trunk hose. It was amply clear, for instance, that Falstaff, even in penury, was a cut above the Fords and Pages, and that although Dr. Caius lived in Windsor he still went to Paris for his clothes. The social scene was brilliantly illustrated.

Some of the actors fitted into this framework better than others. Tony van Bridge gave us a perfect portrait of an easy-going, sporting bourgeois as Master Page; it was a pity that Miss Sharon Acker could not bring a comparable sense of period to the role of his daughter. William Hutt was a superbly puritanical Ford, not in the least caricatured, but rather a puritan in that superior sense which expresses itself in a shrinking from life, and an incapacity for joy. Eric House was a pretty figure as Sir Hugh

Michael Langham: Puritanical?

Evans, though there was perhaps too much of the Latin master about him; the pippins-and-cheese side of this Welshman had been neglected just as, in *Henry V*, Mr. House neglected the humorous side of Fluellen. But quite the finest performance in the play, considered as a complete portrait of a man, humorous yet entirely credible, was that of Gratien Gelinas as Dr. Caius; there was a unity between gesture and speech, and between fantasy and truth, in this creation which marks the great actor.

The physical side of Douglas Campbell's Falstaff was excellent, though I personally would have liked him to be more agile; fat men do not all thirple and puff and groan, and the Falstaffian bulk ought to be a little more subject to the Falstaffian agility of mind. But Mr. Campbell looked wonderfully like Ben Jonson in old age, and spoke with the voice of Stentor when occasion served.

Could not Falstaff be more likable? Mr. Campbell can charm a bird from a twig when he wishes, and Falstaff must be charming or we can never think that his wooing could succeed. Nor did I feel that the director had served him well by making the other characters reject him at the end of the play. He has been treated by them with seventeenth century cruelty; but there was also seventeenth century generosity of spirit, and I cannot believe that he did not take up the invitation to the party which is extended to him by Page in the closing lines.

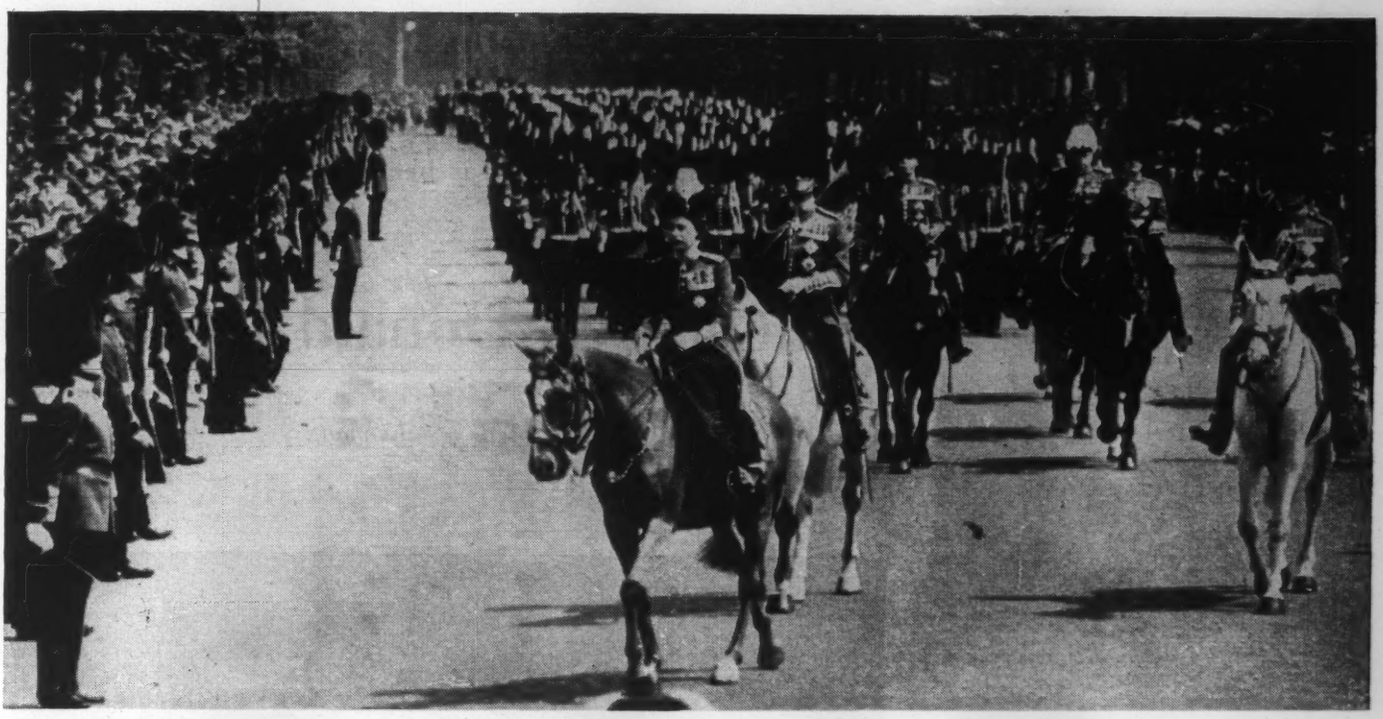
The same criticism extends to the merry wives themselves. In Helen Burns and Pauline Jameson the director has an undoubted pair of charmers, but he will not let them charm. Social climbing is not, after all, so grave a sin; these ladies could give us more warmth and exuberance without harming the framework of the play. Has Mr. Langham, in his desire to rebuke sin, been a little too puritanical with his players? Some of the glee and zest for life which Amelia Hall gives to Mistress Quickly could be allowed to the merry wives to the great betterment of the production, which is at present brilliant in conception and detail, but somewhat acidulated in the treatment of the three leading characters.

The high spirits of the play, springing from Falstaff himself, have been dimmed in order that an element of social satire, not very valuable in itself, may be introduced. When Falstaff ceases to be, not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in others, the play is seriously diminished.

It is a criticism of the theatrical profession in Canada, by the way, that actresses could not be found to play Mistress Ford and Mistress Page in this country. Why have we so many able actors, and such a dearth of competent actresses? The answer is, I fear, that with a handful of honorable exceptions, the ladies do not care to work as hard as the gentlemen.

Will some benefactor please give the festival *The Oxford English Dictionary?* And, when they have it, will the company please use it? I, for one, am tired of hearing dubious pronunciations, and downright mispronunciations, from our leading Canadian stage. Let me repeat: Dr. Guthrie, with all his virtues, neglected the verse in this festival; Mr. Langham can win gratitude and fame by repairing this fault. At present this company simply does not understand verse, and butchers lines, and transposes or alters words, without conscience. None of them is a Shakespeare, and they had better stick to his text, where it exists in clear form. Brilliant physical production, and slipshod speaking, is not good enough.

Later in the season, when the music and film festivals have opened, I hope to report again on those matters as well as on a second look at the plays. Meanwhile, what we have is well worth a million dollars.



The Queen rides back to Buckingham Palace after the recent ceremony of the Trooping of the Color.

Royalty and the Critics

The British Press has recently been decidedly outspoken in its criticisms of the Royal Family. (See the article by Beverley Nichols, page 12.) Target of much of the abuse has been the Duke of Edinburgh, whose expenditure on sport, planes, cars and boats is thought to be excessive. The Duke of Kent and his sister, Princess Alexandra, are criticized for highjinks and various frivolities. And Princess Margaret's taste for jazz and night-clubs has irked many, who are eager to find fault.

The Duke of Kent on the French Riviera. Below: his gay, pretty sister.

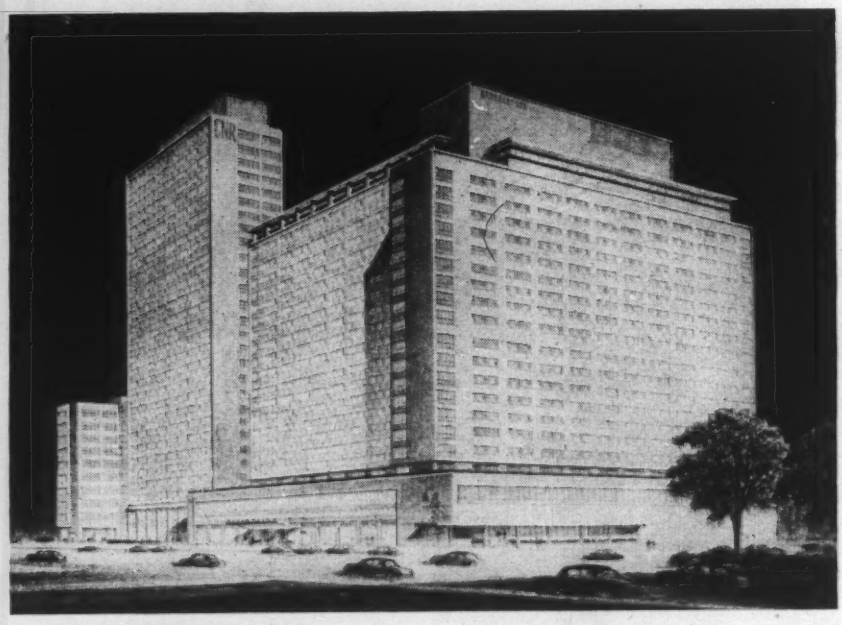
The Duke of Edinburgh races his yacht. At right: Princess Margaret.

Mr. Gordon eagerly consents that . . .

All that Mr. Gordon has to do to bring back the smiles and ease the clenching hands is to say publicly, so that all the neighbors can hear, that he has been entirely wrong.

Quebec vs. Donald Gordon

by Hugh MacLennan



. . . the CNR's new Montreal hotel be named "La Reine Elizabeth" as well.

THE MOST SERIOUS thing in life—call it sex, marriage or the irrepressible conflict between male and female—should be expressed tragically when you are young and gay, but when you are older it's laugh or cut your throat. As with individuals, so with nations, at least nations like Ireland and Canada.

It was an Irishman, naturally, who fathered (or at least grandfathered) the present delicious *pièce de theâtre* on this eternal theme which is now playing to capacity houses in New York and will still be playing to capacity houses five years hence. The original *Pygmalion* was more than a play, it was a parable. And the lyrics of its new musical version, *My Fair Lady*, point up the theme of male v. female even more sharply than did Shaw's prose.

With very little effort some of those lyrics could be used to describe not only a host of private marriages, but the unique marital arrangement that is known as the Canadian nation, with English-Canada plaintively singing *Why Can't a Woman Be More Like a Man?* and French-Canada retorting furiously,

I can stand on my own without you!
So go back to your shell,
I can do bloody well
Without you!

What makes this situation essentially comic is that neither party can do anything about it. English-Canada can no more go back to his shell than French-Canada can do bloody well without him. What makes it funnier still is that neither party to the shared situation seems to realize that the drama they act out publicly is one so inherent in human nature that God must have been its original playwright.

Quebec is all woman, so much so that she is capable of being furious with anyone who would suggest such a fact. Those who can't understand women (or won't understand them) invariably declare that Quebec, whenever she is acting most in character, is petty, irrational, illogical, impractical and devoid of the smallest rudiments of common sense. Look how she's behaving at the present moment! To turn the whole country upside down over the question of whether a hotel should be called the Queen Elizabeth or the *Château Maisonneuve*—who but a woman would do such a thing? To which Quebec might answer, "Who but a man would put a woman into the position where she has to?"

For English-Canada is obsessively male in the unsubtle manner used in most of his dealings with the partner he has married. Stubborn, ignorant, egotistical, insensitive and never more obtusely masculine than in matters concerning her personal pride—these are the words Quebec uses of her partner in the privacy of her kitchen. In moments of extreme frustration, like the present, she comes right out with them so all the neighbors can hear.

An impossible man, really! As if it were not enough that he began the marriage with violence, he boasted about it afterwards. And as if that was not enough, he good-humoredly called her an idiot because she refused to forget it. And as if *that* were not enough, he never paid any attention to the small marks of respect and solicitude which are every woman's right. Oh, yes, Quebec understands perfectly how Eliza Doolittle felt when she cried, "What a fool I was, what a dominated fool!" just as she understands the grimness with which Eliza said between set lips, "All I want is 'enry 'iggins' 'ead!"

The head Quebec wants at the moment —a representative head, say, for a con-

stantly frustrated wish to be properly understood—belongs to Donald Gordon. This unfortunate male has indeed discovered that when you're up against a woman you're up against a wall.

It is now more than a year and a half since Mr. Gordon offended Quebec to the quick by announcing proudly that on his invitation the Queen had graciously consented to allow the use of her name for the mammoth hotel the CNR is building in Montreal. It never occurred to him, of course, that the most fatal blunder any male can commit is to invite another lady into his wife's parlor without first asking his wife whether the lady would be welcome there.

Feeling the atmosphere in the home growing warm, Mr. Gordon made the customary male noises of apology and assured the good wife that no insult had been intended. Then he went back to work hoping for the best, though not before pointing out that since the invitation had already gone out and been accepted, there was nothing to be done about the matter. After all, he couldn't be expected to make himself look like a boor in the eyes of the Queen.

But Quebec, strangely enough, didn't care how he looked in the eyes of the Queen so long as he improved his status in her own eyes. She was woman enough, however, to help him out by suggesting a practical plan of procedure. What was to hinder Mr. Gordon from asking Parliament to ask the Queen to refuse the permission she had already been gracious enough to grant for the use of her name? Her Majesty would understand the niceties of the situation perfectly, Quebec was sure. And if she didn't, whose fault was it in the first place?

I feel intensely sorry for Mr. Gordon, I really do, and can well understand his sentiments if he asks in despair, as Professor Higgins asked his friend Pickering, "If I forgot your silly birthday, would you fuss?" I can even overhear the male murmurs of comfort in the safety of the club, the male agreements that they'd prefer a new edition of the Spanish Inquisition than to ever let a woman into their lives. For there is a fiendish, tight-lipped glee, familiar to all but the shrewdest and most tactful of husbands, in the manner in which Quebec is exploiting her opportunities with Mr. Gordon. Does she, for instance, lay herself open to the usual charges of petty female jealousy by objecting to the lady Mr. Gordon invited into her parlor?

"This campaign (against calling the hotel the Queen Elizabeth instead of the *Château Maisonneuve*) has no mark of disloyalty to Her Majesty the Queen of Canada, *for whom we all have the deepest respect.* On the contrary, we believe that those who have shown disrespect are those who, *through incredible lack of consideration and inexcusable effrontery toward the French population of Quebec,* have acted in such a manner that the Sovereign should have become the pivotal point of an unfortunate disagreement."

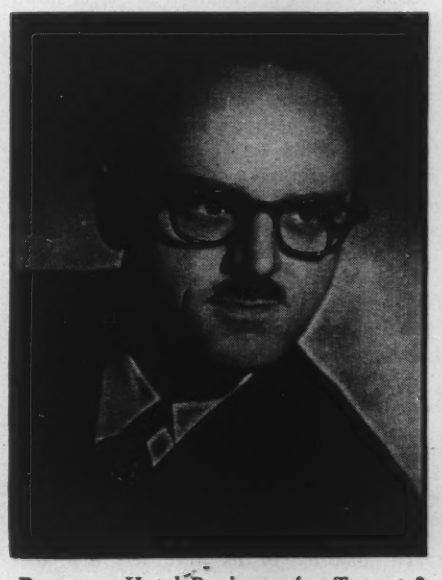
Thus Mayor Drapeau of Montreal, and let poor Mr. Gordon derive from that utterance such comfort as he can.

"How would *you* like it," says Mayor Drapeau in another sequence (and guess whom he is talking to), "if in Toronto the Canadian National Railways established a hotel and called it the Dollard-des-Ormeaux or the Louis-Joseph Papineau?"

For the whole of the past year a surprising amount of Quebec's immense energy and talent has been devoted to this situation Mr. Gordon has thrust upon her. She has sent to Ottawa a petition in 15 volumes containing the names of some 200,000 persons who are on her side against Mr. Gordon. Since his rash action was committed, no less than 1,400 articles of protest against him have appeared in some 20 daily newspapers, 100 weeklies and 50 periodicals, and the volumes of protest will rise, and the atmosphere will get warmer and warmer, until even Mr. Gordon's male pride howls for mercy.

So far, Mr. Gordon has howled not at all; nor has his pride yielded in any degree that Quebec has been able to notice. True, he has consented—indeed he was eager to consent to this, if only to show his goodwill—that the hotel should be described bi-lingually, that it should be known officially as *La Reine Elizabeth* as well as the Queen Elizabeth.

But this gesture, adequate though it doubtless seemed to Mr. Gordon at the time he made it, has done him no more good than a man's offer to buy a new dishwasher for a wife whose soul and dignity have been outraged. She could not fail to note that such a concession would cost Mr. Gordon nothing. He would not have to backtrack to the Queen to get such a change effected. The Canossan pilgrimage is now the only thing he can do to wipe out the enormity of his original offence, which seems much more enormous now even than it did a year and a half ago. Besides, it has been carefully pointed out, what tourist getting into a cab would take the trouble to utter a mouthful like *La Reine Elizabeth?* He'd simply grunt "the Elizabeth" and slump back in his seat.



Drapeau: Hotel Papineau for Toronto?

As I watch this drama mount to its climax, I feel admiration for the immense resolution, the determination to show a woman her proper place, the capacity for dignified male silence in the face of constant and intolerable provocation which Mr. Gordon, who has a railway to run and runs it exceedingly well, has thus far displayed. But it's not going to do him any good, and it is with awe at the incorrigible optimism of my own sex that I behold his forlorn hope that it will.

Had he come to know Quebec as a good many English-speaking Montrealers can't help knowing her, he would have thrown in his hand long ago. He would have realized that the only way he can possibly win is to lose, and to lose as quickly and thoroughly as possible.

It is so simple, really. All Mr. Gordon has to do to bring back the smiles and ease the clenchings of those anxious little hands is to say publicly, so that all the neighbors can hear, that he had been entirely wrong and that the wife has been entirely right, and that in deference to his regard for her, he intends to go to the Queen and say whatever he can think of saying that won't get him into hot water with *her.*

For Quebec has not been unreasonable. In spite of the obduracy with which she has found herself confronted, she has still left the door ajar in case English-Canada, at present in the form of Mr. Gordon, wishes to come back in, even though the aperture has now grown so narrow that he will have to enter sideways.

"Our English-speaking compatriots," suggests Mayor Drapeau, "should understand that by helping French-Canada to be natural, they are simply helping Canada to remain a distinct and sovereign entity."

Remember, gentlemen — Quebec does not believe in divorce. She even believes that what she is doing is as much for our sake as for her own, and the sooner we accept that femininely accurate reasoning, the better for our peace of mind.

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Bevan and Bevanites: Changes at Buckingham Palace?

Murmurs Against Royalty

by Beverley Nichols

The London "season" has been lavish and brilliant with something of its pre-war folly and Labor does not like it. Labor thinks that it is dangerous now.

THE ROYAL FAMILY is now so firmly established in the affections of the British people that we are inclined to forget how unpopular it was a century ago. In the 1850s some of *Punch's* cartoons of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were almost libellous. Today it is a very different matter—but there are murmurings.

There would be no point in referring to these murmurings had they not now received, via *The New Statesman*, the official sanction of a large section of the left wing intelligentsia, which sways the policy of the Labor party.

There has always been a disgruntled minority of communists, republicans, and disappointed place-hunters who have refused to curtsey to the Queen, and have firmly looked the other way when the royal coach canters down the Mall. And there have always been parsimonious economists who have begrudged the £750,000 a year which, at a rough estimate is the cost of royalty to the country. But the vast majority of us have felt that the Queen and the Duke and all the rest of them are doing a magnificent job, and that the example they have set, not only to us but to the whole world, in clean living, is of priceless value. Apart from that, to put it at its very lowest, British royalty does happen to provide—I repeat, at its very lowest—the most colorful circus on earth.

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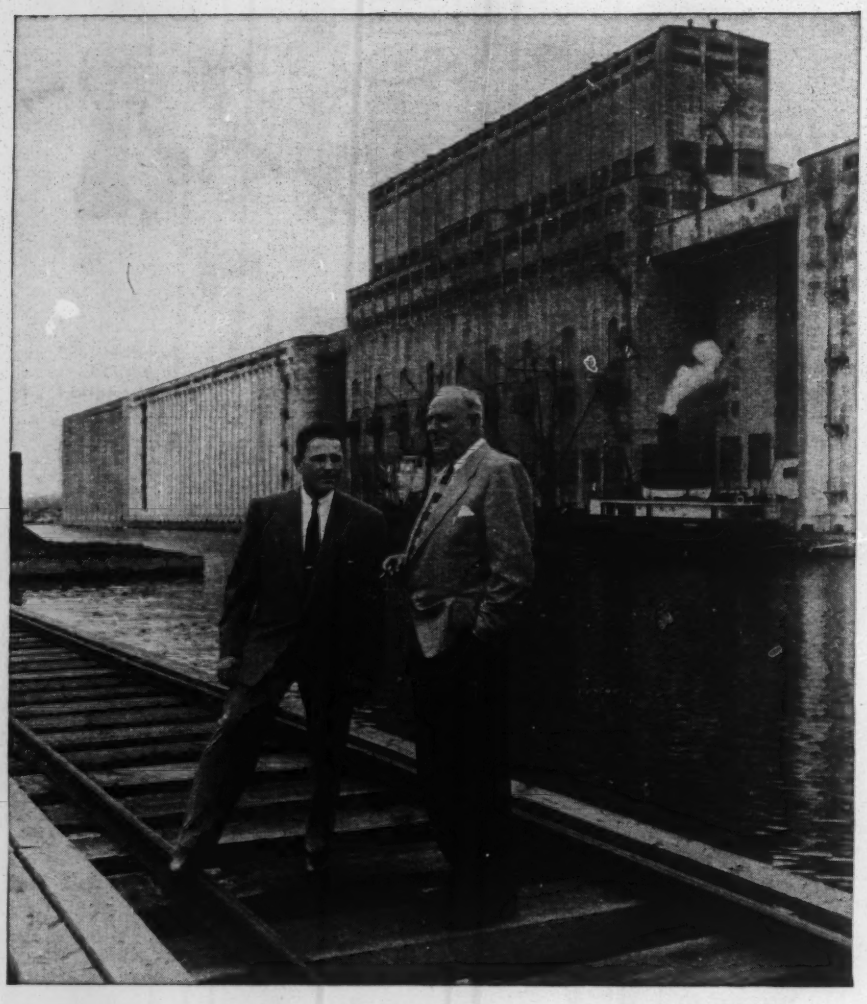

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Located in one of the Great Lakes grain ports, this Royal Bank manager (left) naturally studies reports on wheat loadings, watches crop reports—generally keeps himself well briefed on all aspects of the grain trade.

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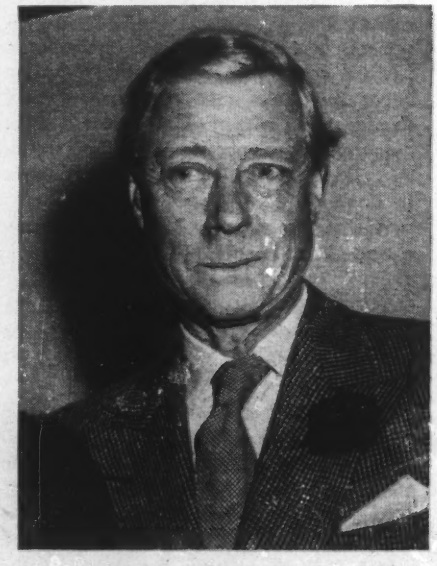
most vivid moments of his life, or indeed in the life of any monarch—hours of comedy, with Mrs. Simpson laughing by the swimming-pool, and hours of tragedy, when he paced the rooms alone, trying to compose his speech of Abdication.

The Fort was built in the 1750s by the Duke of Cumberland. It lies on the road to Ascot, in pine-clad country, surrounded by drifts of wild rhododendrons. It isn't very large, and architecturally it is a bit of a muddle, but it has an extraordinary personality.

In its early days it was regarded merely as a "folly". The ladies of the court used to drive out there from Windsor, on summer afternoons, and take tea and flutter round the queer, octagonal rooms. Sometimes they would climb the tower and exclaim at the beauty of the view, from which, on a fine day, you can still see the silver bubble of St. Paul's, twenty-five miles away.

For eighteen years after the Abdication the Fort remained empty. The drives were choked with weeds, the swimming-pool cracked, the roof fell into disrepair, the windows were broken, birds nested in the desolate rooms. But from time to time, so legend has it, a big car would stop at a secret entrance in the woods, and out of it would climb a fair-headed, middle-aged man, who would wander off by himself, revisiting the gardens which he had loved, and which he had helped to plant with his own hands. Then, after an hour or two, he would drive away again, with a bunch of flowers for the lady for whom he had sacrificed so much.

It is a story of no little poignancy, and it seems very remote when one revisits the Fort today. It is as bright as a new pin, glowing with fresh modern color; and the gardens are at last coming back to life.

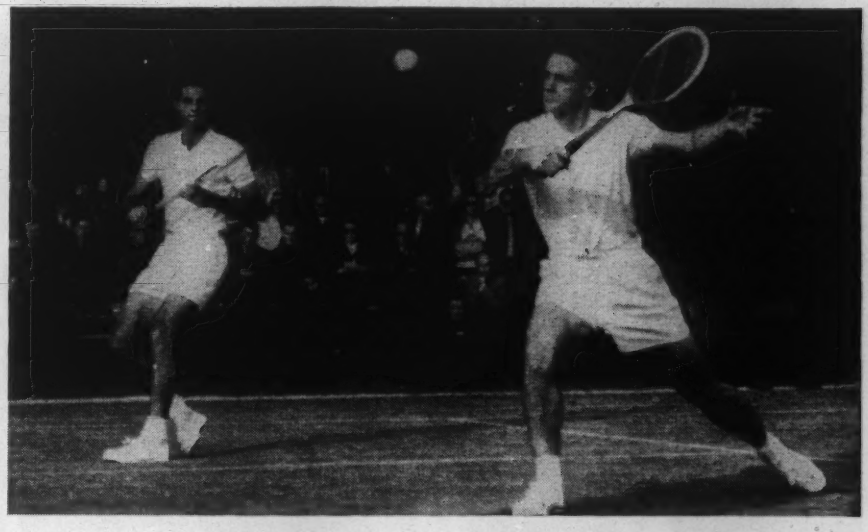


The Duke of Windsor: Memories.

Umpires scowl if a spectator even hiccups, but tennis could still be a good game if it lost its phony social atmosphere and talented youngsters got more international competition.

Canadian Tennis Is in a Mess

by Trent Frayne



Don Fontana (left) and Robert Bedard in action at Wimbledon.

IT IS ALWAYS difficult to determine whether a dissertation on tennis comes under the heading of sports or social notes. The game itself is more tactical than hockey and can be as physically punishing as a four-minute mile, but the atmosphere around it smells like a horse show. Its social atmosphere, I mean. Naturally.

Possibly because Canadians can't go out and release their frustrations by shouting and leaping at a tennis match, Canadians don't bother going out. Spectators are required to sit like little ladies and gentlemen, applauding the athletics by patting the hands together after observing a deathly silence during a rally. They are not permitted to snarl at the umpire, who invariably looks like a bank president and drinks only Scotch. His vocabulary, delivered in drab monotones, involves words like "love" and "deuce" and "advantage, striker". He scowls if a spectator hiccups.

And people *don't* bother going out to watch the game in any numbers — although tennis is grossly overplayed in the metropolitan press, as if it really were a major spectator sport. Canadian Lawn Tennis Association figures for 1955 estimate that there were 34,850 tennis spectators in all of Canada last year. There were about 11,000 in British Columbia, 10,000 in Ontario and about 8,000 in Quebec. You can get that many people in one Grep Cup game in Vancouver's Empire Stadium.

But tennis, as a game, isn't that bad, and the notion here is that it would be a pretty good spectator sport if it were stripped of its phony accoutrements, if the people who run it stopped regarding it as some kind of rung on the social ladder, and if they would undertake to raise enough money to finance promising players in international competition.

They've had their chances. Last fall Doug Philpott, tournament chairman of the Toronto Tennis club, got an idea that he could attract world-ranking players to the Canadian championships at his club this summer if he could find a firm to underwrite the cost. He found one, Molson's, who agreed to put up $5,000. Then he went to the Canadian Lawn Tennis Association headquarters in Montreal, under whose aegis the Canadian championships are staged, for official approval. The CLTA agreed.

Then Molson's, giving a second look to the budget, realized the $5,000 wouldn't be available for 1956, but might be in '57. Philpott looked around for a new sponsor, and found one in O'Keefe's. Again he sought CLTA approval, and this time it was denied. The reason, Philpott explains, was that the CLTA did not wish to accept funds from a brewery.

"But Molson's is a brewery, too," he recalls expostulating to the executive.

"No, no," mumbled the fathers of tennis, according to Philpott, "one of the Molson's is a bank director."

As it turned out, O'Keefe's agreed to sponsor another tournament, unconnected with the CLTA, which will be an international invitation event at the Toronto Club. Some of the world's best players will attend. The Canadian championships will be held in private some place, with gate receipts of roughly $4.35 for the entire week.

The international event, meanwhile, will have whatever money is left from the original $5,000, plus gate receipts, to finance good Canadian players on foreign courts. There they can get the experience necessary to elevate their standard of play to international proportions. When they get that good, the folks at home will want to go out to see them.

The CLTA, which can afford to turn down a $5,000 offer because it's from, egad, a *brewery*, cannot afford (it claims) to give its promising players international competition. When Don Fontana went to Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, last April to represent Canada in the Davis Cup matches against the British West Indies, he was given *three dollars a day* expense allow-

Behind the Trouble

It's a tough, tactical sport, but only 34,850 people watched tennis matches in Canada last year. The reason? Too much fuddy-duddy thinking by officials in charge of the game, too little concern with development of talent, too much hypocrisy in maintaining a sort of false amateurism.

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ance. An official of the CLTA arranged his billeting with a friend in Trinidad, In such high style, Fontana and his friend, Bob Bedard, spent a month tuning up and then advanced in Davis Cup play to qualify to engage the United States this month.

In the interim, Fontana wanted to improve his game in the international tournament circuit in Europe, a week-after-week grind to which the United States and Australian tennis associations, to mention two, set their players first-class. Fontana said he'd worry about his own expenses when he got there; all he wanted was air-fare of about $650. The CLTA offered $100.

You might wonder how players like Fontana and Bedard and Lorne Main of Vancouver have managed international tours during the past two or three years, tours that have made them far and away Canada's best tennis players. The answer is private sponsorship.

Fontana, for example, is backed by a man named Cole Peterson in Toronto, who freely admits that one item he has in vast quantity is no money. Peterson does have, however, great enthusiasm for tennis in general and Fontana's potential as a tennis player, in particular. In 1949 he formed an unofficial tennis organization called Tennis in Trust; its function is to collect money to send potential Davis Cup candidates to foreign courts. Tennis in Trust consists of three men, Peterson, Grant (Pinky) McLean and R. D. (Bob) Murray, who put the bite on their friends and acquaintances. They've raised something like $5,000 over the years for Fontana, getting $10 here and $50 there and proving, through Fontana, that their theory is right.

"If a comparatively little guy like Pete can raise that much money privately," Fontana suggested a couple of months ago in Toronto, "you'd think a national organization like the CLTA would have no trouble at all."

Tennis, as has been suggested, has a curious atmosphere. It clings to an aura of amateurism at a time when it is not, in fact, amateur. The word "expenses" covers a multitude of sins and the august fathers turn their back on all of them. For example, Art Larson and Vic Savitt, two ranking American amateur players agreed to enter a tournament in Toronto three years ago for $500 each for one week's "expenses". They got it, too.

The better the player, the heavier his expense demands, and there is no quarrel here with that policy. If a man draws spectators who pay money to watch him play, it is difficult to see why he shouldn't partake of the receipts. The quarrel is with the administration that forces under-the-table payoffs. The quarrel, really, is with the hypocrisy.

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OTTAWA LETTER

Commonwealth Talkfest

by John A. Stevenson

Prime Minister St. Laurent must have been glad to escape from the trials of the parliamentary arena at Ottawa to the more tranquil and pleasant atmosphere of a conference of the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth in London. He probably did not expect to return from it laden with profitable fruits, because there has been a sad degeneration of these gatherings since the days when they were the scene of high and often controversial debates over policies affecting the partners in the Commonwealth.

Mackenzie King, always fearful that decisions reached in London might involve him in commitments that would make trouble for him at home, acquired a strong distaste for the conferences. Helped by Prime Minister James Hertzog of South Africa, he contrived to have their agenda framed on innocuous lines. To these tactics Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain gave complacent assent. When Sir Winston Churchill tried to restore the importance of such conferences during the last war, he failed.

Nowadays a Commonwealth Conference has been reduced to the role of an agreeable talkfest, at which the leaders of the Commonwealth enjoy agreeable hospitalities and exchange views about some current problems, chiefly connected with the status of the new members who qualify for admission at intervals. The delegates seem to avoid sedulously any serious discussion of problems concerning defence, trade and immigration, which were the staple subjects of debate at earlier conferences, and no decisions about such questions are ever reached.

In London Mr. St. Laurent will have had leisure for a retrospective review of the recent distressing events at Ottawa.

The issue raised by Donald Fleming (PC—Toronto, Eglinton) about the Hon. C. D. Howe's position as one of the executors of the rich estate of the late Sir James Dunn is crystal clear. He contented himself with dealing with only one aspect of it, the situation of Mr. Howe as a colleague of Dr. McCann, the Minister of National Revenue, who will have the final voice in determining the amount of succession duties to be paid on the Dunn estate.

Mr. Howe sees no indelicacy in this situation and evidently thinks that his undertaking to abstain from exercising any influence upon the decision about the succession duties leaves him free to retain both his executorship and his seat in the Cabinet. But another equally important feature of his position merits grave consideration.

The Canadian Tariff Board has been engaged in an exhaustive investigation of the workings of the existing customs duties upon iron and steel products. Algoma Steel, whose shares constitute a substantial proportion of the Dunn estate, is one of the companies trying to persuade the

Donald Fleming: An issue raised.

Board to recommend higher duties on certain of their products as a safeguard against irritating foreign competition. In due course the Board will frame its report on the basis of the evidence submitted and present it to the Cabinet.

Mr. Howe, as head of the Department of Trade and Commerce and of Defence Production, will be the Minister most vitally interested in the decisions reached by the Cabinet about the report. He may find it easy to abstain from breathing a word in the ear of Dr. McCann about succession duties but he can hardly absent himself from the Cabinet's discussions on the iron and steel duties. His colleagues would feel that his judgment was essential to a wise decision on such a technical subject.

If the Cabinet in its collective wisdom were to decide that the duties on certain iron and steel products ought to be raised, the announcement of the increase in a Budget speech could not fail to raise the value of the stock of Algoma Steel, whose earnings would be increased. It is customary for the remuneration of executors for their services to be fixed on the basis of a percentage of the value of the estate under their administration. Therefore Mr. Howe, in the role of executor, would stand to gain indirectly by any increase of tariff duties, which would augment the value of the estate.

Mr. Howe takes justifiable pride in his personal integrity, and it is unthinkable that he would not exert his powerful influence in the Cabinet against any tariff changes which would bring him personal gain. But it would be obviously unfair to the beneficiaries of Sir James Dunn's estate and other shareholders of Algoma that they should suffer through Mr. Howe's anxiety to retain both his executorship and his seat in the Cabinet. Surely he would not wish the children of his old and valued friend of 40 years' standing, Sir James Dunn, to be penalized by his action.

The result of the provincial election in New Brunswick was, of course, heartening to the Progressive Conservatives. Having been returned to power with a minority of the popular vote in 1952, they were prepared to lose some seats. But instead the polls revealed that they actually gained one seat from the Liberals and had increased their percentage of the vote from 47.9 per cent to 51 per cent.

One of the most effective electioneering cards played by Premier Flemming and his allies during the election was the contrast they drew between the willingness of Liberal Government at Ottawa to find nearly $200 million for the Trans-Canada pipe line and its refusal to contribute a cent towards the power project at Beechwood, needed for the development of New Brunswick's mineral resources.

In Quebec, the grand assault of the Liberal party and its curious allies upon the Duplessis ministry failed disastrously. Federal Ministers and members who campaigned for Mr. Lapalme now have dark forebodings that the triumphant Mr. Duplessis, who actually gained four seats, will use his machine against them when they seek re-election.

In Saskatchewan, the CCF's comfortable majority was reduced by seven and the Liberals made little headway. The well-financed intervention of the moguls of the Social Credit party from Alberta and British Columbia only produced three seats and their hopes of organizing a march of conquest upon Ottawa next year must have faded.

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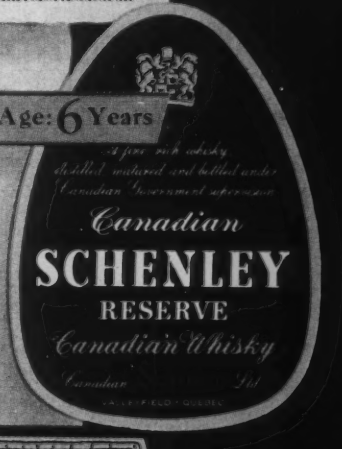

Certified Age: 5 Years

The Softenings of Fancy

by Robertson Davies

WHEN I AM NOT READING masterpieces, which must be allowed to make their own rules, my feelings about fiction are very well summed up in Hazlitt's words: "Fiction, unlike history, has the softenings of fancy and sentiment; and we read on in the hope of something like poetical justice to be done at last, which is more than we can reckon upon in reality". I would quarrel with the latter part of this quotation, however. I have many times seen "something like poetical justice" in reality, and that is why I am readier than some critics to accept it in fiction. Life affords no perfect justice, but every now and then it brings about a denouement with a neatness that would delight Dickens, and a sweetness of sentiment which would seem perfect to Ruby M. Ayres. I have been sampling recent fiction, and have emerged with four books which seem ill-assorted, but which should provide something for almost every taste.

The funny book which so many people demand in summer, and simply must have in winter, is provided in *Comfort Me With Apples* by Peter de Vries. A great many critics have been sniffy about this book; they think it *too* funny; the humor, they say, is remorseless and studied. I disagree; Mr. de Vries is being funny on several levels at once; perhaps he has been too subtle for hasty readers.

The de Vries book is about a young man in a small New England city who emerges from high school as a Down East version of a *fin de siècle* aesthete but at heart he is a simple fellow, and very soon he is married, and his inborn Calvinism is driving him toward a job. Fortune pushes him into the newspaper world, and soon he is writing a column of folksy wisdom under the pen-name of "The Lamplighter", complete with inspirational thoughts known as Pepigrams. He is involved in several strange escapades because of his passion for interfering in other people's lives, and it is this facet of his character which convinces us that he will never know the meaning of serenity.

His story is told in what is, to me, a very funny way. We are amused not only by his jokes, but by the badness of many of them, and by the amusing spectacle of a man who is determined to face life as a joker—a post quite as destructive to the intellect as that of profundity or any other intellectual fancy dress. We are amused when this chowder-fed *flâneur* makes himself into a shirtsleeve philosopher and amateur psychiatrist. We are amused by the spectacle of a man whose wit outruns his common sense. Chick Swallow is a man with a funny tongue, but a solemn mind —a figure of true comedy. In my opinion Mr. de Vries has written a much funnier book than some of my critical brethren have noticed, and like all funny books it has a good deal of wisdom in it.

If sentiment is your line, William Saroyan offers *Mama I Love You,* a gobbet of sentiment so sweet as to be unwholesome except to the strongest intellects. The book is written in the character of a child—a Widdle Dirl, I suppose she must be called —whose mother (called, I blush to write, Mama Girl throughout) wants to be a famous actress, and takes the W.D. to New York with her, to seek their fortunes. They stop in the smallest and cheapest room in a big hotel, and who should be their neighbor but New York's most respected dramatic coach, a Great Lady of the theatre. Between the Great Lady and a wonderfully simple and warm-hearted producer, Mama Girl and Widdle Dirl get the leading parts in a beautiful, beautiful play. After some very minor setbacks the beautiful play is a great success on Broadway, and M.G. and W.D. are the toasts of the town. But the W.D.—oh, the sweet innocence of this!—wants to be, not a great actress, but a famous baseball pitcher.

Simone de Beauvoir: Complex.

I would not for the world distract you from the book, if this summary of the plot suggests that you would like it; I say only that it is not to my taste. The softenings of fancy and sentiment to which Hazlitt refers have, in this, come perilously close to softening of the brain. When authors don girlie dress, as Dickens did with Esther Summerson, and as Mr. Saroyan does here, I feel that Dr. Krafft-Ebing, and not the public, should peruse their works. Men have written like women with splendid success, but I know of no instance in which a grown man has written successfully, for a whole book, in the character of a Widdle Dirl.

And thus we pass to sterner stuff, as exemplified in *The Mandarins* by the indefatigable Simone de Beauvoir. Here is a novel of considerable intellectual substance, which has won the *Prix Goncourt* in France. The plot does not lend itself to summary, for it is about the complex relationships of a group of highly intellectual people, and what they do is less important than what they think.

It is apparently a *roman à clef* and if you know the great ones of modern French literature well enough, you can identify them here. There are love affairs —perhaps it would be more honest just to call them "affairs"—flirtings with Communism, and quite a lot of gritty heartbreak. But the substance of the book is the interaction of some very sophisticated personalities. It is not a book for Hazlitt or me, for fancy and sentiment are absent, and as for poetic justice, what place has it in a book where everybody, including the author, is an Existentialist?

It would be impertinent of me to mock at Existentialism, for I do not understand it well enough to take liberties with it. Very roughly, it is a philosophy expounded by Jean-Paul Sartre (who figures in this book under the name of Dubreuilh, if I am not mistaken) which demands that everybody shall find his own existence; obligations and codes are not admitted. Whatever it may be as a philosophic system, in life it looks like a kind of amoral Calvinism in which everybody is damned and anything goes. It appears to be a reaction against moral cant.

Flight from moral cant alone, however, would not make anybody into a character in *The Mandarins.* They are a cheerless lot; they don't seem to get any pleasure out of anything, and least of all their ventures in sex. These make them huff and puff and snort and even scream, but nobody is ever joyful about sex. Love, in the Existentialist code, may be an illusion and a trap, but what is wrong with a splendid, powerful, life-enhancing illusion, or a trap which is a gateway, for a time, to happiness?

Even Simone de Beauvoir cannot write

A. J. Cronin: Clarity.

a novel without some dependence on the gentler, and stronger, human emotions, and at the end of this book her tormented heroine expresses the hope that one day she will be happy again. After following her admirably described despair and misery through the 610 pages of this book, I share her hope. *The Mandarins* are very real people, and they deserve more happiness than they permit themselves.

The Hazlitt definition of fiction is satisfied by A. J. Cronin's latest novel *A Thing of Beauty*; fancy, sentiment and poetical justice are well served here. It is the story of a young Englishman whose family want him to be a clergyman, but whose passionate desire is to be a painter. And so, in poverty and frequent misery, he paints, dies of tuberculosis, and is posthumously recognized as a great artist. The book is somewhat old-fashioned in construction, and it has old-fashioned virtues—clarity, excellent drawing of characters and sustained interest — balanced against the old-fashioned vices of sentimental writing, and rather too many golden hearts beating 'neath shabby coats. But Mr. Cronin is a wily old hand, and he succeeds in that difficult task of writing about a painter without making too many revealing comments about his pictures. This is the good, solid, sustaining bread of fiction. Not cake, but perhaps a raisin loaf.

Comfort Me With Apples, by Peter de Vries—pp. 280—*Little, Brown—$3.95.*

Mama I Love You, by William Saroyan —pp. 245—*Little, Brown—$3.95.*

The Mandarins, by Simone de Beauvoir — pp. 610 — *Nelson, Foster & Scott — $6.95.*

A Thing of Beauty, by A. J. Cronin— pp. 440—*McClelland & Stewart—$4.50.*

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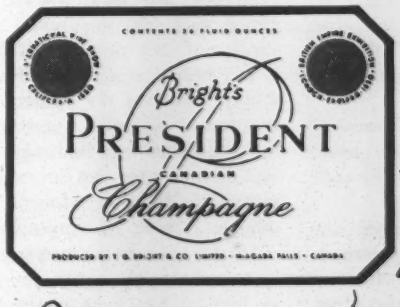
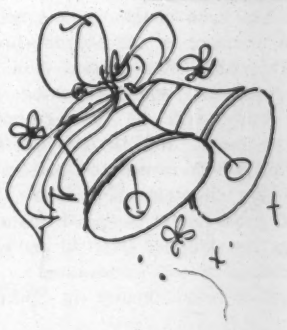
Robert McMichael

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Lumsdon pictured at their colourful wedding reception in the Old Mill, Toronto.





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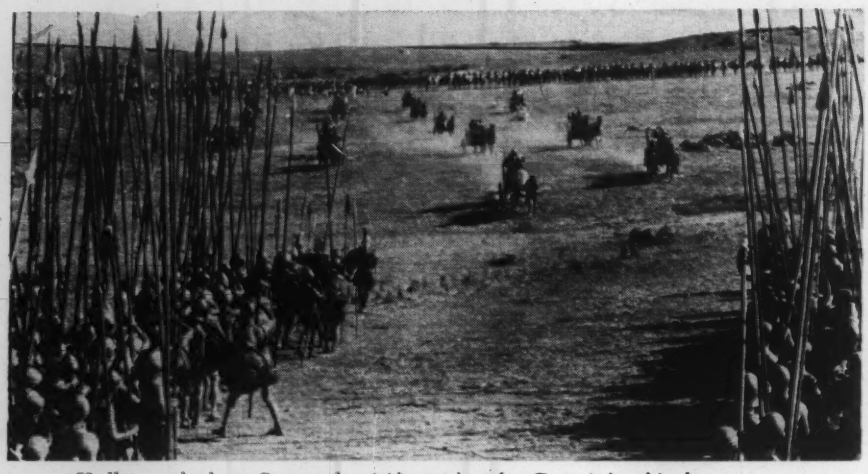


Hollywood ploy: Spectacles (Alexander the Great) for big houses . . .

FILMS

TV's Sleeping Partner

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"IT IS ONLY a question of time before the neighborhood theatre goes down the drain," a moving picture distributor told me recently.

Most neighborhood theatre managers would deny this, he added; and outwardly at least they seem to have some grounds for their confidence in the future. Attendance is still high. The Saturday children's matinee audience continues to form at noon, and before the theatre opens the line-up stretches half-way down the block on both sides. The teen-agers turn up faithfully for every change of program. The movies have always depended largely on the young for support, and their youthful clientele is as loyal as ever. In addition, the neighborhood itself has learned to depend on its local theatre, often for reasons that have nothing to do with entertainment.

"Without the neighborhood movie," one manager pointed out, "we could easily have a bad outbreak of juvenile delinquency."

Whether or not the corner movie can be regarded as an ideal youth centre is, of course, a debatable question. It does, however, keep young people off the street, under a kind of social supervision, and to that extent is better suited to the needs of youth than the parking lot that is threatening to take its place.

"Most neighborhood theatres feature double bills, and change their programs three times a week," it was pointed out. "This means that the management must show over three hundred feature films a year. Where are they going to get them?"

Hollywood at present is working out a highly profitable game—competition plus collaboration—with television. With one hand it is turning out large-scale spectacles, such as *Oklahoma!, Alexander the Great, Helen of Troy,* etc., which are entirely beyond the capacity or scale of television. With the other it is busily plugging the half-hour gaps in television programs with serials, and filling in all the available hour intervals with refurbished screen productions.

"Any decision (to enter TV) depends on the profits," a studio executive said recently. The profits, it seems, have been spectacular. Meanwhile the television studios are happy, since Hollywood's resources are now available to them, along with an apparently inexhaustible supply of old movies. Hollywood itself is as gratified as a housewife who has profitably unloaded the contents of her attic on some gigantic rummage sale. The sets meanwhile are humming with activity, and anyone who can act, sing, dance, impersonate Marilyn Monroe or direct a quickie is sure of employment.

In the enormous meshing of resources and interests, the only one who is likely to feel he has been caught in a squeeze play is the manager of the neighborhood theatre. Television has robbed him of his older customers; and Hollywood, increasingly busy with its new commitments, is no longer able to turn out the feature films which insure the patronage of the younger clientele. Since 1950, the making of moderately budgeted feature-length films has dropped over 40 per cent and the decline is still continuing.

The neighborhood theatre in Quebec has suffered directly and drastically through the introduction of television. This, however, is a rather special case, since French-Canadian movie-goers had to choose between imported French films and Hollywood productions with French dubbed in. Television brought them, for the first time, screen entertainment written directly in the French-Canadian idiom of life and language. As a result, movie attendance dropped fifty per cent within a year.

Logically enough, the only small theatres that are secure against the inroads of television are the ones that have always been independent of Hollywood—the movie houses that specialize in "prestige" pictures never intended for mass entertainment, and the theatres showing foreign films imported directly from Europe. The latter group has a special immunity, since new Canadians as a rule find little entertainment in television, with its baffling language, bewildering comedy and wheedling commercials. The film in their own language helps to alleviate the sense of strangeness in an alien land that television only aggravates.

As long as the average neighborhood movie had Hollywood behind it, ready to hand out prodigious double scoops of entertainment all the year round, it was relatively safe from television. Hollywood's defection, however, is already a serious threat, and the threat is growing. Eventually, it is predicted, the hundreds of small movie houses that now operate in any large city will disappear, leaving a dozen downtown theatres to handle the new feature-length productions. These will be high, wide and handsome, and so will be the admission prices. Hollywood is promoting itself to the special status of the legitimate theatre, and at the same time cutting in, as a sort of sleeping partner, on the business of mass production. Its future could hardly look brighter.

. . . Serials (Lucy) for TV screens.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

LAST TIME Joe had looked in for tea with Aunt Amelia she had been busy writing, and that had also been a Sunday. "Mail for the family?" he had asked, and she had replied that she was writing to Ruth, to whom she writes "every second day irrespective".

And then, giving him no chance to enquire after his cousin's health, the old lady had continued: "Tomorrow I write to Charles and also to your Aunt Kate, as I write to him every fourth day and every third to her". Glancing at a much marked calendar, she had added: "Tuesday there'll be the regular letter to my old teacher, to whom I write every fifth day; and Wednesday I'll write to your mother as it's every six days for her".

And now it was Sunday again, just fourteen weeks later. There was Aunt Amelia at her desk and everything just the same again as Joe entered the room. "Don't you ever have a break?" he teased.

"I don't bother about others," she told him, "but you know my schedule, and I never miss a letter to any of those five dear folk on the proper day." She glanced at her calendar, and went on: "But I will have a break soon, a day when I won't have to write to any of them".

Joe figured out what day of the week that next "break" would be: can you do so? (26)

Answer on Page 38.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

NOTED for the half-pin, unpin, cross-check theme (our No. 25), H. V. Tuxen was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1898, where his father was an engineer and surveyor. The family returned to Denmark in 1901. Tuxen was taught to play chess by his brother, but his great interest came later when K. A. K. Larsen explained the fascination of problems and taught him to compose. His first problem appeared in 1917.

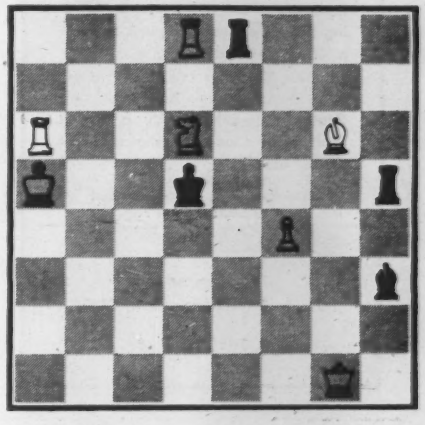
Solution of Problem No. 143.

1.K-B2, R-Kt4; 2.Q-Q4ch, etc. 1.K-B2, RxKt; 2.QxPch, etc. 1.K-B2, R-R1; 2.Kt-Q3ch, etc. 1.K-B2, K-B4; 2.P-K4ch, etc. 1.K-B2, K-K6; 2.Kt-Kt4ch, etc. 1.K-B2, P-B3; 2.Q-Q2ch, etc.

This is a wonderful Bohemian three-mover. The position is a "block" after the key-move.

Problem No. 144, by H. V. Tuxen.

White mates in two.



Fighting Words

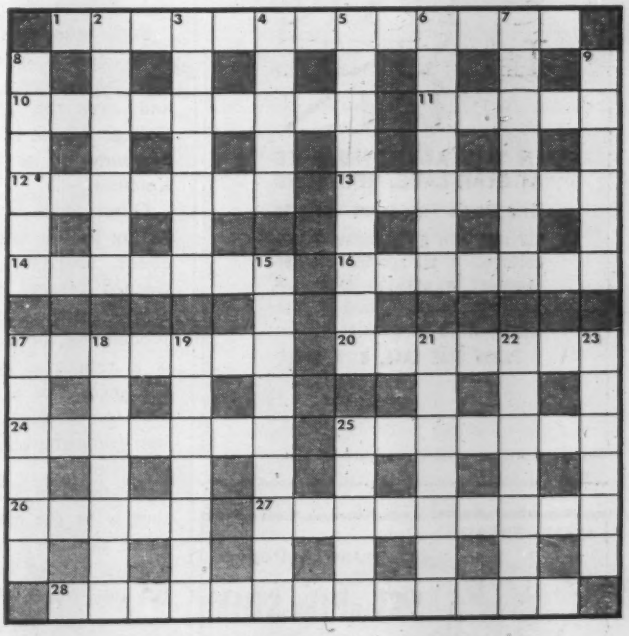
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 The Polish Corridor became one in this fight. (7, 2, 4)
10 Clever of the famous Dean to finish with his debts. (9)
11 Annihilate Ann for taking Little Lulu back. (5)
12 Did Annie Laurie's admirer plan to be one? (7)
13 A change in a team may brighten things up. (7)
14 What one does with the enemy in battle. (7)
16 They should know how to handle the big shots if not the brass hats. (7)
17 Sun and moon, perhaps, made him wise. (7)
20 Setters, perhaps, but not necessarily of exams. (7)
24 Eight have already passed since Tolstoy 25A "War and Peace". (7)
25 See 24. (7)
26 "The Warsaw Concerto" was of "12 squadron". (5)
27 Montgomery's beret? (4-5)
28 Hunted by Indians in the Happy Hunting Grounds? (6, 7)

DOWN

2 Suggested by rod, pole or perch? (7)
3 Devil of a monarch? (7)
4 Offhand, when it's taken up, the fight is on. (5)
5 Attack! Carry on, the slaughter is not finished! (9)
6 The nights of Lawrence? (7)
7 Not game to try this photographic trick? (7)
8 At the present time its use is varied. (6)
9 They are above fighting in war time. (6)
15 She cleans like a steward. (9)
17 Passed a terrible time keeping sober. (6)
18 Behind which one may be called upon to stand and deliver, in a manner of speaking. (7)
19 This was, for Eisenhower in 1954, politically. (3-4)
21 Not a thrifty poet. (7)
22 It's either beg or misuse the rent to eat. (7)
23 Sad is the one who starts as one. (6)
25 One of the hazards of writers in the swim? (5)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 As good as gold
9 Numeral
10 Haulage
11 Ramble
12 Cremated
14 Pin
15 Decapitated
18 Histrionics
21 Old
23 Japanese
26 Mayhem
28 Catalan
29 Eminent
30 Tissue of lies

DOWN

1 Armaments
2 Garbled
3 Oslo
4 Abhor
5 Gourmet
6 Least
7 Entrap
8 Wended
13 Echo
16 Prim
17 Toothless
18 Hijack
19 Rankles
20 Swahili
22 Demote
24 Patti
25 Singe
27 Beef (393)

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The Headmaster

by Leslie Roberts

Gentle as Mr. Chips but not baffled, traditionalist but not hide-bound, his English education modified by American experience, Dr. Philip Ketchum of TCS remains as Canadian as maple syrup.

ONE OF THE remarkable fetishes of a modern free society is that man should simultaneously be a rugged individual and an almost exact replica of everybody else. From this flows the natural corollary that the system of public education should be designed to produce a citizen cut to the identical pattern of all other citizens. In inescapable sequence comes the tribal belief that the parent who looks for something else in his son, and finds his answer by sending the young man to boarding school, *ipso facto* is a snob. It would be difficult to find a clearer example of the great North American faculty for over-simplification.

Such reflections are bound to come to mind during a day-long stroll through the classrooms, residences and chapel and over the playing-fields of Trinity College School at Port Hope, Ont., in the company of its Headmaster, Dr. Philip Ketchum.

Other ideas are bound to be revised during such a visit, if the visitor's notions about boarding school life have been gleaned from reading *Tom Brown's School Days* and the early works of P. G. Wodehouse, or if his image about masters is a reflection of *Good-bye Mr. Chips*. The picture of a facsimile of Chips riding herd on a class of Canadian youngsters lies somewhere on the far side of improbability.

Ketchum of TCS is no Mr. Chips. Neither is he the brisk executive type, sometimes described as the ideal operator of a boys' school in the neighboring republic, but who, in Canada, would clearly work in an advertising agency.

If it is true that *homo Canadiensis* is part British and part American, yet a man with a special identity of his own, then the Headmaster of Trinity is as good evidence as may be found to support the plea. He is as Canadian as maple syrup. His family roots go deep into the countryside in which he now lives and works. (His father was a judge, whose Bench was in nearby Cobourg.) Part of his education was acquired in Britain, at Cambridge, where he "loved the life".

Dr. Philip Ketchum

Part of his early teaching life was lived in the United States, at St. Mark's School in Southborough, Massachusetts. He "enjoyed every day of it". Obviously, like so many Canadians, he fits into the U.K. or U.S. scene with equal facility—but always remains Canadian.

These things happened long ago, as a man's years are counted. Now his personality and that of his school have merged, to the point at which Ketchum and TCS have almost become interchangeable terms. The reason may well be that he came as Head at one of Trinity's most difficult times.

In 1928 the school had been ravaged by fire. New buildings were erected, but much of the bill was still on-the-cuff when the Governors asked Ketchum, who had taught at TCS in the '20s and was also an Old Boy, to come home from Southborough in 1933. He did, tackling a huge building loan with one hand and the impact of the Depression with the other.

It was a young man's job, and Ketchum was in his middle thirties when he arrived. But he had been teaching since 1916, with times out to take a degree at Toronto, to study at Cambridge and to serve a hitch with the Royal Air Force in the late days of World War I. His record as a Master at Port Hope had been impressive, and he had shown aptitude for administration. Here might well be the man to pull the school out of the red. It was a happy choice.

A man must have lived through the

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bitter period of economic gloom which preceded World War II, and have had business or professional, as well as personal problems, to grasp what the phrase "The Depression" means. In Doctor Ketchum's case it meant a school bogged down in debt, taken over at a time when parents were withdrawing their sons, for lack of funds. Throughout the nation men and their businesses were in hock to the banks. Customers filed petitions in bankruptcy, or threatened to file if pushed.

The survivors were either lucky or tough, or both, and Ketchum and his school were among them. By the time Hitler's legions blitzkrieged Poland, the building debt had been cleared away and a quarter-million dollars in school bonds had been retired as well. How this minor miracle was performed is not quite clear. Ketchum dismisses it by saying "We lived and worked from day to day", which doesn't tell us much. But the record does say that the young Headmaster was grasping the nettle of life firmly and without fear of its prickles.

After one year of running a depression-ridden boys' school and coping with its debt problems, he had the courage to scurry across to Ireland and wed Ann Ormsby of Ballinamore House, Kiltimagh, a young woman he had met in Cambridge days. A frightened man doesn't usually marry. Hence it is reasonable to deduce that Ketchum believed he could pull things through, or what is more likely, that it had never occurred to him that he couldn't.

It is a pretty sound conclusion, in fact, that these were the days which "made" Philip Ketchum. Until he came to Port Hope he had been a pleasant young man loading his mind with a liberal education, and using it as a means of livelihood. Five years later he had become the whole and rounded man his friends and pupils know today.

The result is that Philip Ketchum means TCS to hundreds of young Canadian men and their parents. His stamp is on this school indelibly. It is a firm stamp, with no blurred edges, and the hand that has worked it is steady.

Dr. Ketchum has his own ideas about what the education of a boy should be, and life at TCS reflects those views. True enough, they have developed from his own experience, from the day when he first taught at Lakefield, when he was at Cambridge, while he was a master at Upper Canada and later at St. Mark's. Some, undoubtedly, are rooted in tradition, with emphasis on that of Trinity itself. But something has been added from the personality of the man, and what has emerged may be called an outlook, which Ketchum, and the masters who serve under him, have passed along to the

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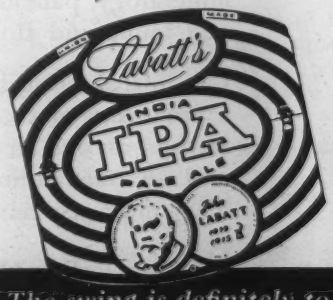

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young men they send to the universities and into the marts of trade. For a man to make such a mark, identifying the school and himself as a single unity, is a remarkable achievement in an institution that is older than the Confederation by two years.

Conversation in his quiet living-room, a stone's throw from the main buildings, reveals the indivisibility of man and school, and a view of what education means to him. Its purpose, he says, must be to develop the "whole boy"; mentally, morally, physically and spiritually. He must be in constant contact with good influences—the influence of intelligent, sensitive teachers and of other boys. In the give and take of school life he comes to know that no two human beings are alike. He learns self-discipline by living under a code of discipline that is invisible and inaudible, at least until he transgresses.

"It is my job," says Ketchum, "to produce a young man who feels that he is an active, important member of the community, but to feel it with decent humility." The training, in short, is frankly for leadership—provided the boy has the qualities in him.

To find such boys is the Head's primary duty. You don't accept the youngster because his father has a million dollars and a seat on the Toronto Stock Exchange. You accept him because study of the record and of the boy suggests that he possesses the makings of an individual man. It may surprise the true believers in the notion that any kind of education which doesn't put all its young citizens through the same hopper is undemocratic, to learn that at TCS even the boys whose fathers pay top fees cost the school a little money. For the others there are scholarships and bursaries, and a way can generally be found to take in the son of an impecunious parson, or a fixed-income soldier, so long as the boy clearly "has the makings".

A gentle man, this, but not as Chips was gentle. Life baffled Mr. Chips. It definitely does not baffle Philip Ketchum. But he still takes it gently, albeit with a firm hand. The picture of Chips persuading the late George McCullagh to spend $100,000 for a covered rink, equipped with artificial ice, for the school, just doesn't form. Mr. Chips would have loved the Memorial Chapel, and all the lore of a school now in its tenth decade. Ketchum found the money to build it.

Evolution

by Louis Dudek

Since very few of us will move
Towards the new
Nature's way is to improve
By killing you.

Foundations of Industrial Security

by Viscount Chandos

MUCH attention, and rightly, is now devoted to the subject of labor relations in industry. There is a tendency, however, to think that this or that measure is the talisman. The public is led to believe at one moment that profit-sharing, though loosely defined, is the answer, at another that shareholdings by workpeople in the company in which they are employed will solve it all, at another that a contract for an annual wage on American lines will be a great stabilizing factor, and so forth.

There is, of course, no single solution to the human problem; for that matter there never can be a solution. It would be just as unrealistic to suppose that some additions to the marriage contract—as a result of a joint committee made up of men and women, with the collaboration of the Church and the Inland Revenue—would impart that stability to the marriage vow which sometimes it appears to lack.

Most of the measures which I have mentioned can only be the coping-stone or the cement of an edifice which has been built on deeper foundations. It is worth examining, first, what these should be. I have expressed it very often, in speech and writing, by saying that the main foundations are these:

Industrial policy must be framed

(1) To aim at continuity of employment for everyone on the books of the company, so to speak;

(2) To give a fair reward and good incentives for a good day's work;

(3) To make the career open to talent;

(4) To see that the conditions under which people work should be as light and cheerful as we can make them.

These may sound mere platitudes, but this impression may be dissipated on examination. The statement that continuity of employment should be the first object of industrial policy means that such matters as the distribution of dividends, the amount of retained profits, the modernization of the plant, the improvement of its powers of competition, should be judged first upon the criterion of whether the policy upon these subjects underpins the employment of those who are on the shop-floor. In my industrial life many awkward decisions have been made easy by applying this simple touchstone.

"The thing to do is to prevent dirt."

The second point, the fair reward for a fair day's work, and proper incentives, is bound up in such subjects as piece-rates. Incentives require to have a close personal impact, and many profit-sharing schemes are too remote from a man's daily work. The group piece-rate, which may involve twenty-five or fifty workpeople, sets a standard which, if it is exceeded, means that all the workers in the group get bonuses on their basic pay. They do not suffer gladly those who slow down the work, and they see closely the result of their efforts in the weekly pay-packet.

Of course the principal cause of friction will be on "rate-fixing". Again, there is no answer to this problem except that of a long tradition of confidence, built up between the man on the shop-floor and the rate-fixer.

The third point is the career open to talent. This hardly needs elaboration, but it is one of the most important of all subjects in industry. No obstacles must be put in the way of promotion. On the contrary, within the big companies, or by co-operation among the smaller ones, education must be available by which those with ambition are enabled to train themselves for the higher responsibilities of management, and ultimately of direction.

Lastly, the mentality which paints a wall a dark chocolate color because it won't show the dirt must be banished from industry. The thing to do is to try to prevent the dirt and, if this is not wholly successful, when the wall gets dirty it must be repainted. Such a policy pays you handsome but unseen dividends. A lawn and a few flowers outside a factory are hardly of less importance than a good lay-out of the tools.

Such are four of the pillars of industrial policy. It is now worth while to turn to some of the panaceas which are currently put about: most of them are very far from panaceas, but most have their place in a scheme of industrial relations.

Profit-sharing has only a limited application, for the reason that, as a rule, it is too remote from the work of the operative either to give him much more interest in the business than he would gain out of a piece-rate, or to give him that personal feeling of belonging to a society, or a company, or a team, which we want him to feel.

Profit-sharing in the strict sense of the words is fully effective only in stable businesses, where the ratio between the numbers employed and the value of the product is high, for example in a publishing business, where the value of the book is out of all relation to the amount of labor expended in printing it.

Lastly, I believe from my early experience in industry that one of the great psychological mistakes which we make is to have too short a contract of service between a company and its long-service men. I do not believe at all in going as far as a guaranteed wage for a year, which would be far too inflexible: certain stresses might break it down.

What I do believe in is that for every

Viscount Chandos is Chairman of Associated Electrical Industries, Ltd. and was formerly British Secretary of State for the Colonies.

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year's service over a certain period the worker should receive a week's extra notice. For example, in the engineering industry the contract between the employer and the employed is one guaranteed week: the worker is, so to speak, at a week's notice, and of course nothing, whether it be a railway strike or a power shut-down, alters the employer's obligation to pay that guaranteed week.

I would prefer to have an arrangement, though it is certainly not without dangers, by which a man who had been on the books of the company for (say) two years, received one extra week's notice, that is one extra guaranteed week's pay, for every year that he remained on the books of the company. Psychologically it is completely wrong that a man who has been in your employment for ten years should be on a week's notice. It is quite true that in present conditions of employment you would be giving very little to the workman which he has not got already, but what you are doing is saying: "If you are loyal to me, I will be loyal to you, come rain or fine".

I had an example of this in my own experience. When the power shut-down took place, we refused to apply the contract to our own workpeople and give them a week's notice. On the contrary, we said we would continue to pay a full wage to everybody in the company as long as we could reasonably afford it. This was a fairly bold gesture in a company whose wages bill was at that time about half a million pounds a week.

I still think the psychological effects were profound: they may have been forgotten by now, but when the power was restored the Works Committee in a certain very large works passed a resolution to thank the company for the transport they had provided to bring people to work, for the arrangements they had made to try to keep the work going, and for the wages they had paid when no work could be done. They pledged themselves unanimously to make up the production which had been lost. They kept their pledge faithfully.

So I would add, in conclusion, a fifth pillar of industrial policy, which is *longer notice for longer service.*

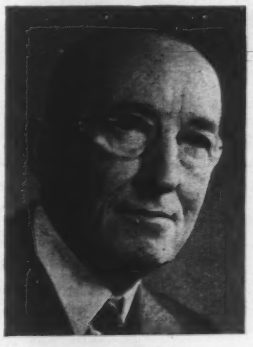
But, when all is said and done, it must be our constant thought to see that humanity and imagination and sympathy and humor—and I believe sometimes in giving before you are asked—are part of our daily bread. As long as human beings are what they are, there will be plenty of troubles and plenty of disputes, and neither side will always be in the right. You cannot get over these difficulties by measures taken at the last moment: you will get over them only if faith and confidence have been built up day by day and year by year.

Man and Machine

Sixty years ago his father brought the first typewriter to Canada. Today Underwood Limited is a multi-million dollar operation. He started by delivering typewriter supplies on a bicycle. He has been president of the company since 1940.

SOMEONE ONCE SAID that the working girl's best friend is her reliable typewriter. If that is true, or even partly so, then you might say her patron saint is Joseph Leo Seitz. Almost 75 per cent of those typewriters in Canada are Underwoods and J. L. Seitz is the man who makes them as president of Underwood Limited.

In that capacity he is keeping his eye on the speedup in automation. And he predicts, without fear of contradiction, "Electronic machines in the not too distant future will file data, search files, and up-date records in seconds". When that happens, chances are Joe Seitz will be among the top producers of the fast and fancy equipment. That's the way it's always been.



J. L. Seitz

The story of Underwood in Canada is the story of the typewriter in Canada. J. J. Seitz, father of J. L., was a railroad telegrapher, working in Hamilton for the Great Northwestern Railway. Tired of writing by hand the long press messages he used to receive, he brought back from Buffalo in 1885 a writing machine, the first typewriter ever to come into Canada. The potential of the magic machine intrigued the elder Seitz and led to the founding 60 years ago of a typewriter company which has become the multi-million dollar operation today of Underwood Limited. With exclusive Canadian rights, J. J. Seitz introduced the Underwood machine to W. H. Shaw, who later, as head of the famous commercial school, introduced it to thousands of newly emancipated women.

Young Joe Seitz got into the business early. Around the turn of the century, during his summer holidays, he delivered typewriter supplies around Toronto on his bicycle. On the death of his father in 1940, he became president of the company.

J. L. Seitz is also president of two other companies, Peerless Carbon and Ribbon Company, and A. D. Gorrie and Company, one of the largest automobile agencies in Canada. He also serves as a director of Canada Foils Limited. All of these operations are directed from a fairly modest office on the fourth floor of a downtown Toronto building. On the wall facing his desk is a large framed photo of Prime Minister St. Laurent, the personal gift of the prime minister to Mr. Seitz. And perched on the back of a couch in the office is a large stuffed monkey, which has been arranged by a secretary in a posture to correspond daily with the president's current mood.

Mr. Seitz's moods and interests are many. He is a lover of symphony, operas and good music. (His brother Ernest, a concert pianist, is famous for composing the music of *The World is Waiting for the Sunrise.*) A devout Roman Catholic, he has been active for many years as a member of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews. He is a member of the Granite Club of Toronto, the Seigniory Club of Montebello, Que., the Eastbourne Golf and Country Club, Canadian Clubs of Toronto and New York, Gatineau Fish and Game Club, and the Toronto Board of Trade.

Somewhat mysterious about his age ("I was born, like the slogan of Underwood, 'before the turn of the century' "), he stands about six feet, a slim 175 pounds. He has a capacity and a reputation for hard work, and turns up at his office before 8.30 each morning. He says, "I really don't work as hard as people think. My business philosophy is to find good men and delegate authority to them."

His most active hobby is just plain exercise. He has walked from one to five miles each day of his life. He claims, "It enables me to relax and view things from a different perspective".

His favorite topic of conversation these days is still automation as related to office mechanization. He says, "Office machine manufacturers have already brought electronics down from the clouds and combined them with more or less orthodox office machines within the reach of almost any business organization. What the future in this field will be is beyond the realm of anyone's imagination."

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND No. 264

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Thirty-five Cents (35¢) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July, 1956, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of August next, to shareholders of record of 30th June, 1956.

By order of the Board.
E. J. FRIESEN
General Manager.

Toronto, 6th June, 1956.

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DIVIDEND NO. 102

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of Forty cents (40c) per share, and an extra distribution of Forty cents (40c) per share, on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company, have this day been declared for the six months ending the 30th day of June, 1956, payable on the 16th day of July, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 22nd day of June, 1956.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

L. O. Reid,
Secretary.

Montreal, P.Q.,
June 14, 1956.

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Preferred Stocks

Is there anything about a preferred stock which compels a company to pay dividends on it? If not, preferred stocks appear to be neither fish nor fowl. They aren't a debt and they aren't an equity. Have you any comment?—G. H., Hamilton, Ont.

Before you condemn preferred stocks just consider a few facts.

Companies issue many kinds of securities, which means they use many forms of money. A preferred stock is just one of these and has persisted over the years because it fills a need for company and investor alike, in spite of its somewhat nebulous character.

The only compulsion a company is under to pay dividends on a preferred stock is that such distributions have to precede payments on common stock. Thus, there is nothing in law to prevent a company from deferring dividends on the preferred indefinitely while it uses the money to build up assets for the benefit of the common shareholders.

In actual practice, the chance of this happening is very remote, particularly in a well-established company with a lengthy record of dividend payments on its common. Some preferred stocks appear to be actually better situated to pay dividends than some other senior securities are to pay interest. Another attraction of preferred stocks as against bonds, is that interest on the latter is subject to the full scale of income tax for their holder whereas the holder of stocks in Canadian corporations gets a tax credit of 20 per cent of the amount of dividends he receives.

Quebec Lithium

Please give your opinion of Quebec Lithium.—F. A. S., Halifax, NS.

Quebec Lithium is engaged in the production of lithium concentrates from a mine from which it is currently drawing 500 tons of lithium ore daily, but from which it plans an early increase to 1,000 tons daily.

Since the operation has been underway for only a short time, the mill is still regarded as in the tune-up stage. Officials are thus unable to make any predictions about profits, but regard the outlook as hopeful. There is considerable hope for recovery of products other than lithium concentrates.

Lithium is a Johnny-come-lately to the metals. It has earned considerable prominence for its application in the manufacture of grease, for which it makes a good base. Lithium greases are

thought to have favorable prospects, but naturally it takes time for a new product to establish its market.

Prospects of producers of lithium concentrates are tied partly to the extent of the promotion which lithium metal receives. For what it's worth, you might note that aluminum developed a broad market partly as a result of the sales promotion it got from manufacturers of new products that aluminum made possible.

Not Approved

Under what conditions does the stock exchange or securities commission approve financing deals—underwritings and options of mining and oil companies—which I see described in some papers as though they were a great thing for the companies concerned? They look to me more like a great thing for the promoters.—S. K., Montreal, Que.

No stock exchange or securities commission "approves" financing deals any more than the issue of a driver's licence "approves" a motorist. All a stock exchange or securities commission does is to accept a financing agreement for filing or registration; any responsible body would shudder at the use of the word "approve" in connection with this acceptance. However, stock pedlars are not slow on the up-take and they were quick to recognize that some people were gullible enough to think that government or stock exchange regulation was actually an endorsement of a stock.

In the United States, any intimation that a stock has been "approved" by the Securities and Exchange Commission carries a heavy penalty.

In the same vein as referring to deals as "approved" is the pedlar's trick of dilating on the amount of money a company will receive if all options on its stock are exercised by the promoters. This can add up to a sizable amount and it impresses some people to toss a figure like $700,000 or $800,000 into the conversation. Much less impressive is the number of options ever exercised.

Canadian Steels

Are you as bullish as ever on the Canadian steels, every one of which you have discussed optimistically the past several months? How do you feel now with Steel of Canada and Algoma down 20 points or so?—I. T. S., Ottawa.

The general level of Canadian steels is still substantially above the prices at which they were first discussed in these columns. No one can predict what level the public will put on their prospects from time to time, but it is apparent that steel is basic to the economy of Canada and this is growing. Every new

The Baron's Reply . . . .

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 278

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of thirty-five cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending July 31, 1956, payable at the Bank and its branches on August 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on June 30, 1956.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD

N. J. McKinnon,
General Manager

Toronto, May 25, 1956

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1956, payable in Canadian funds on August 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at 3.30 p.m. on June 22, 1956.

By order of the Board.

FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, June 11, 1956.

PRESTON EAST DOME MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 56

Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend of Four Cents (4c) per share has been declared on the issued Capital Stock of the Company, payable in Canadian funds July 16th, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1956.

By Order of the Board,
G. A. ROY
Secretary-Treasurer

Toronto, June 4, 1956

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable on

3rd JULY, 1956,

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business 15th June, 1956.

By order of the Board.

CHARLES J. PETTIT,
Manager.

June 7th, 1956.

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house built, every new factory erected, every new piece of equipment ordered, attests optimism about the future of Canada. The Canadian steels don't seem to be selling any higher in relation to position and prospects than any other group of securities.

Quebec Copper

Would you be good enough to express your views of Quebec Copper? I understand it is stepping up its mill rate to 1,000 tons a day.—F. B., London, Ont.

Market valuation of Quebec Copper reflects anticipated rather than actual earnings. The company has been grossing $35,000 to $40,000 monthly, but its exemption from federal income taxes as a new producer expires next March. On this basis, gross earning would be reduced to a net of $20,000 a month or so, or $240,000 a year, whereas the company has a market valuation of some $12 million.

Mill grade has been running only around 0.65 per cent to 0.70 per cent copper, but an improvement to the order of 1 per cent to 1.2 per cent is hoped for.

Suez Canal Co.

Could you briefly comment on Suez Canal shares listed on the Canadian Stock Exchange.—R.W.R., Ottawa.

There are three classes of Suez Canal stock listed on the Canadian Stock Exchange. They are: capital shares, "Jouissance" shares and Founders' shares.

All three classes of shares have basically the same provisions with certain modifications. Each 25 shares have the right to one vote at meetings but the same shareholder cannot join together more than 10 votes.

The Capital shares have a dividend rate which is stated this way: a 5 per cent statutory interest, plus 71 per cent of the profits, or 12.5 gold francs plus dividends. The statutory interest is payable July 1 and Jan. 1 yearly, and dividends are usually paid July 1.

The "Jouissance" shares differ from the capital shares in that they do not have the right to a statutory interest. Founders' shares are limited to 10 per cent of the amounts available for distribution out of profits annually and in the distribution of assets of the company on dissolution.

The shares rarely trade. Capital shares have traded around 193 francs recently, Jouissance shares around 150 francs and Founders' shares around 188 francs. But transactions on the Canadian Stock Exchange are few and far between.

Suez Canal Co. concession with Egypt expires in November, 1968. Unless an extension is granted, the company will likely wind up. Because of its location in an always sore spot on the globe, it would hardly seem a suitable investment for other than the big professional trader or speculator.

It is a puzzling point to the Canadian financial community that Canadian investors should want to put their money in other parts of the world (even where there are troubles) rather than in Canada. At the same time, the foreign investor sends his money to Canada.

Canadian Vickers

Shouldn't Canadian Vickers be expected to do well with the seaway and shipping? If so, shouldn't the stock sell higher?—D. A., Buffalo, NY.

Vickers netted $2.25 a share in the 12 months ended Feb. 28, 1956, as against $2.58 the previous year. However, it finished the latest fiscal year with business on the up-grade in the engineering division and prospects bright in the shipbuilding division.

The stock has had a substantial rise the past couple of years in anticipation of the business the company is now enjoying. It operates in a highly cyclical industry and for this reason one cannot expect the stock to sell as high in relation to earnings as some companies with a more even base.

In Brief

How is Russian Kid Mining Co. Ltd.? —K. M., Cleveland, Ohio.

Shareholders have only been kidding themselves so far.

What is the status of Shoal Lake and Seine River Mining Co. Ltd.? — C J. Stouffville, Ont.

On the shoals.

How is Spruce Creek Mining Co. Ltd. looking?—R. T. L., St. Thomas, Ont.

For the liquidator's name see the Mines Handbook.

Has Casey-Seneca Silver Mines Ltd. any status?—B. J., Kingston, Ont.

Like Casey at the bat, it struck out.

The Queen's Plate Ball, viewed from the balcony of the Crystal Ballroom, King Edward Hotel.

Brilliant Occasion: The Queen's Plate Ball

by Elspeth Whyte

The Queen's Plate Ball, which was given in aid of the Canadian Cancer Society, turned out to be one of the most gala social gatherings of Toronto's early summer season. The ball began with a cocktail party, followed by a buffet supper, floor-show and dancing, in the Crystal Ballroom of the King Edward Hotel. It was a colorful event, with horseshoes of red roses and pictures of Plate winners decorating the 17th floor foyer, and the racing motif carried out in sparkling ice-sculpture at the head of the long buffet tables. The Ball was so enthusiastically attended that the sponsors are now planning to make it an annual event, to synchronize with the running of the Queen's Plate race. Mrs. H. S. Shannon, convener of the Ball committee, was chiefly responsible for its success.

Mrs. Wm. Sheridan dances after supper.

Left: Mrs. Harry Hatch (five times Plate winner), T. Holmes, Mrs. L. McLaughlin, John Doyle, Mrs. D. Christie.

At the buffet table, where an elaborate supper was served: Mayor Nathan Phillips, Dick Ransom, John Cakebread.

Guests, sponsors and supporters included Mrs. E. Frankel, Paul Matthews, Mrs. Nathan Phillips, Mayor Phillips, Mrs. P. Matthews, Egmont Frankel, Mr. and Mrs. F. McEachren.

Decorations included ice-sculpture in racing motif. Caught by the cameras: Mrs. Paul McNamara, Mrs. V. Sheridan.

A table of racing enthusiasts included Douglas Christie, Mrs. J. Doyle, Leo McLaughlin, Mrs. Thomas Holmes.

Tables were gaily decorated in red, white and blue. Guests here include Mrs. V. Sheridan, Mrs. P. McNamara, Vincent Sheridan, Paul McNamara.

After-dinner conversation: William Sheridan, J. Gordon Holding.

Watching the after-dinner entertainment are Mr. and Mrs. Tony Cottrell, Mr. and Mrs. R. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Swain Smith.

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Letters

Yankee Dollars

The article "Canada Needs Those Yankee Dollars" by John D. Pattison is admirably designed to stir the wrath of any patriotic Canadian . . . There is money enough in Canada for this country's sound development. It might not bring as much profit, however, to the few home-grown tycoons who find it easier to sell the birthright of all of us for a mess of Yankee dollars. The unthinking public goes along with these millionaires because the living is easy now, but let the pinch of a depression be felt and some thinking will be done. It will be seen then that Canada, labor and resources, will be exploited to keep the Americans fat . . . We'll be starving . . .

WINNIPEG — J. D. HILLSBOROUGH

Thank you for the excellent article by John D. Pattison. It is refreshing to have a calm, factual appraisal like this, when the question of American investment in Canada is debated by others with so much heat and so little light . . . Only a moron would deny that the investment is needed . . . The fact remains that Canada has complete control of her resources and business practices, and can retain that control as long as Canadians want to be Canadians . . .

VANCOUVER — ARNOLD CARROLL

Jews in Canada

Harry Rasky's statement on the Jews in Canada was a forthright piece of writing, happily free from the emotion that so often surrounds this subject. It gave an accurate, clear position of who and what the Jews are in this country, and should help to explode some of the quaint ideas held by Gentiles about our people . . . If there is any criticism, it is that Mr. Rasky did not point out more clearly that Jews, too, have their prejudices and act on them, often vigorously . . .

MONTREAL — CHAIM SLOTNICK

With the great variety of important subjects available to such a magazine as SATURDAY NIGHT, I wonder why you thought it necessary to print a dissertation on the Jews in Canada . . . Why the Jews? Why not the larger minorities — Germans, Ukrainians, for example? The other minorities do not keep themselves apart, but join in the stream of Canadian life, and in the second generation have forgotten their old loyalties and do not cling to any dual citizenship. They become true Canadians . . .

SASKATOON — J. A. HARRISON

The article on Canada's Jews will undoubtedly ruffle the prejudices of many readers, but it needed writing and I congratulate you on your courage in publishing it. There is a bit of anti-semitism in most of us who are Gentiles. It is in-bred, centuries old, and despite our expanding intelligence we cannot get rid of it over-night. But we can try—and the article reveals the necessity of trying. I write this in the hope that our Jewish fellow-citizens will be charitable with us a while longer . . .

TORONTO — ELSPETH MACLEAN

The thoughtful review of the position of the Jews in Canada was interesting, but too brief. In the space allotted, little more could be done than a bold sketch, but I suggest that some time in the future you publish an expanded version. The brief reference to the Jews in business, for example, could make an article in itself and would do much to explode false notions about the financial power wielded by Jews in Canada . . .

OTTAWA — EDWARD FENTON

Traditions

In making your case for permanency in the Speaker's post, you obviously forget that Canadian tradition calls for alternate French-speaking and English-speaking Speakers with each new Parliament. Relations between the two great ethnic groups are not so firmly cemented that such a valuable tradition can be lightly discarded. What would be more to the point than your comment would be a stern lecture to the Opposition for their ruthless treatment of a conscientious, hard-working Speaker, Mr. Beaudoin . . .

MONTREAL — ROGER LEMIEUX

Editor's note: There is also a tradition that the job of Clerk of the Commons alternates between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians. But the job does not change hands after every election.

Pipeline Debate

I had come to respect The Front Page as an outspoken champion of political responsibility and liberty, but your comments on the pipeline debate in the House of Commons may force me to change my opinion . . . Closure may be a proper parliamentary device, but there can be no reason for the blocking of examination of a bill's clauses in committee. It is the Opposition's duty to oppose, and if they are convinced that a bill is evil, they must oppose it with every device at their command. In this case, the bill was obviously a bad one, and no amount of debate would make it a good one. The only course open to the Opposition, in saving the country from a disgraceful bit of legislation, was the one that resulted in the "procedural wrangles" you sneered at . . .

VANCOUVER — ROBERT HALLIDAY

Editor's note: The duty to oppose has never been questioned, but what must also be recognized is the Government's duty to govern. True, the debate on the pipeline bill was clumsily handled (we discussed this at length) but we cannot agree that the bill itself is "disgraceful".

. . . Your appraisal under the caption "Gassy Confusion" in The Front Page, is by far the most lucid I have read. "Dampened ammunition" for an election campaign, and "burial of central issue under a mass of confusion" are unusually happy comparisons. Most pointed of all, however, is your observation that the Opposition demonstrated by its conduct the need of retaining closure as a parliamentary device when "needless wrangling delays essential business". Congratulations on the clarity of your vision in evaluating this widely observed episode in our national adventure.

WINNIPEG — GEORGE FLORENCE

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ANSWER TO PUZZLER
Sunday

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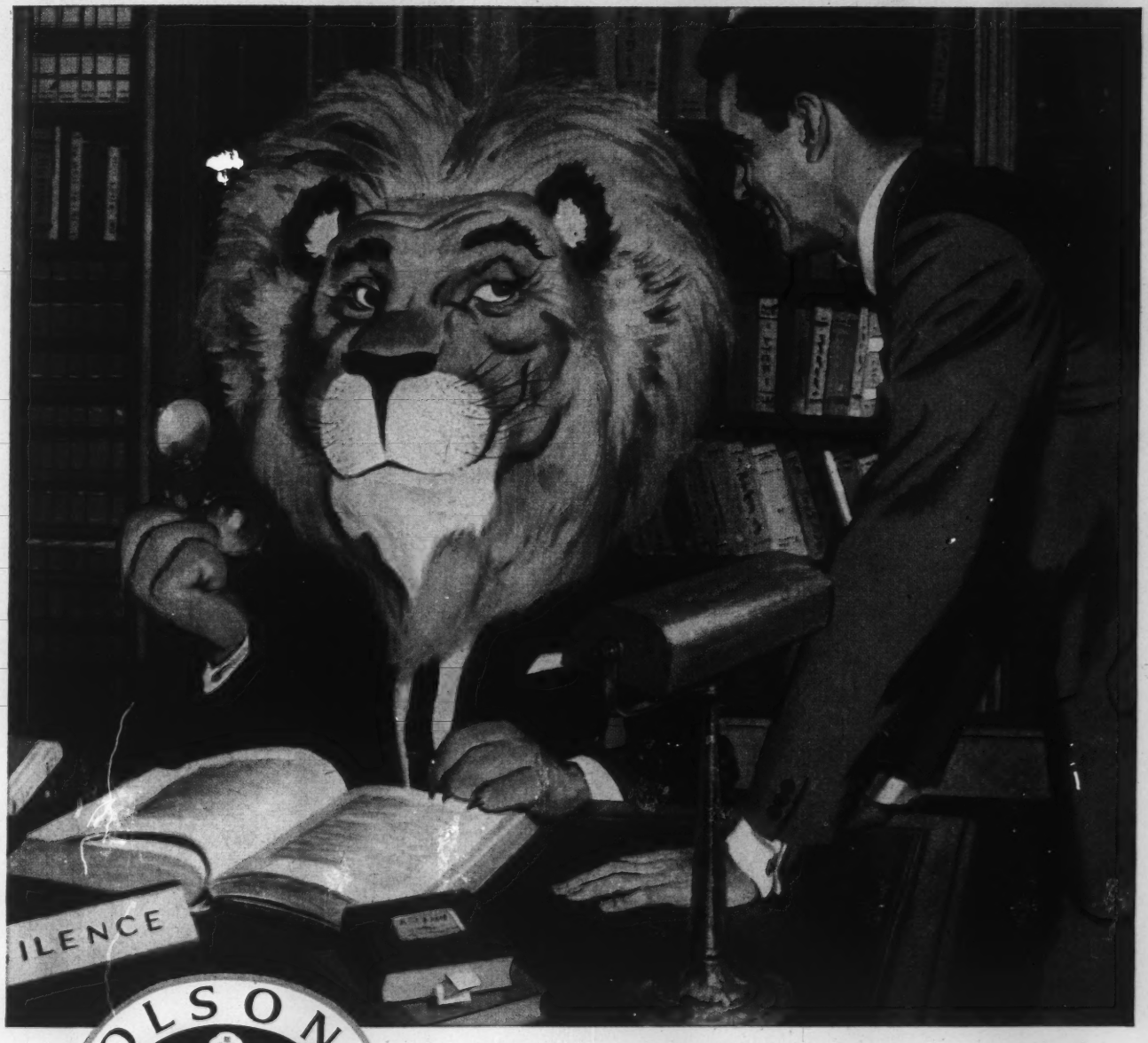

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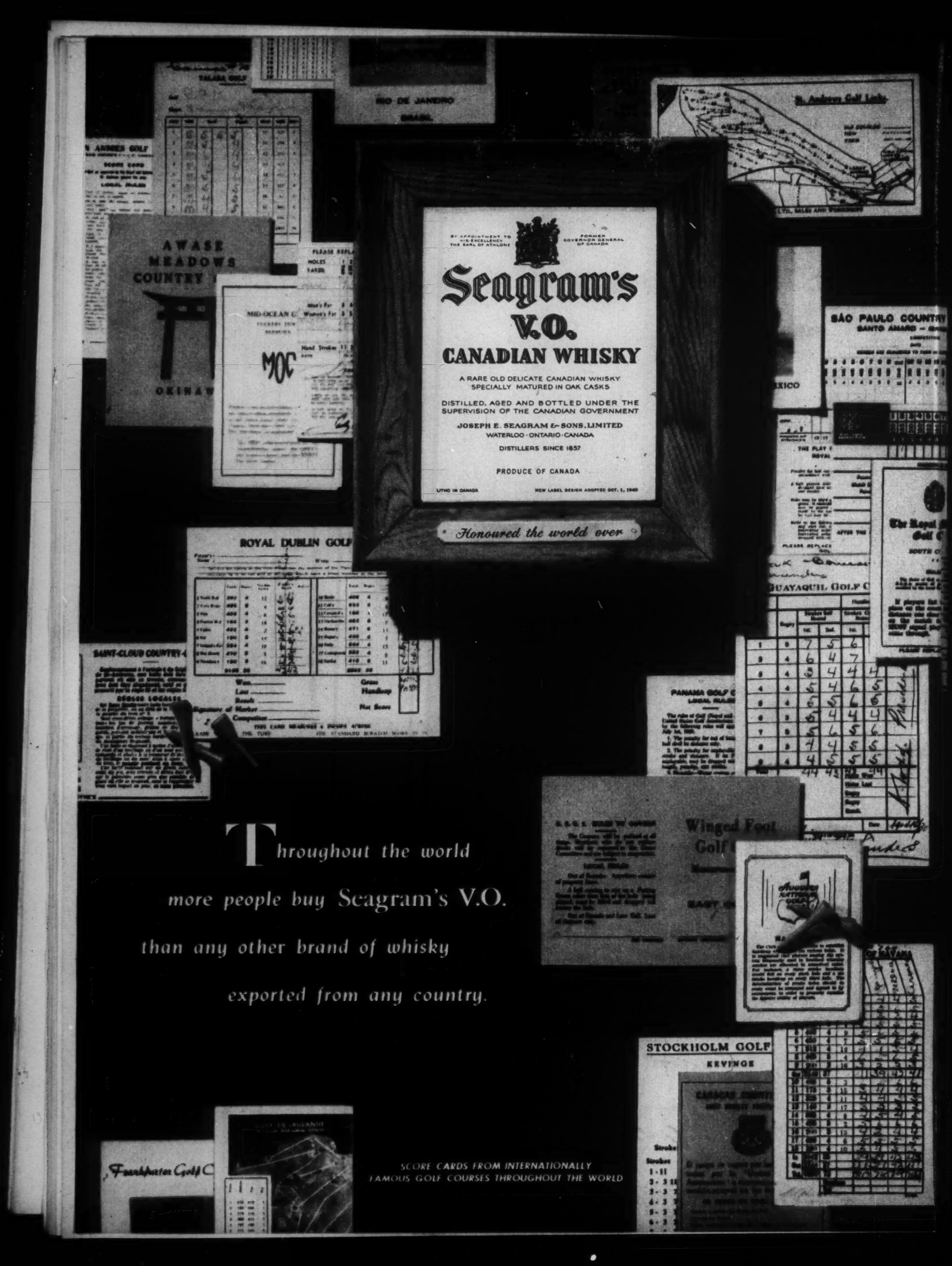
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